THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIII. NO. 2. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1894.—THIRTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FRIENDS' FAREWELL.

The Parishioners of All Saints, Assisted by Representatives From Other Parishes, Bid an Affectionate Adieu to Bishop Dunne.

Mr. Daniel Corkery Delivers an Eloquent Farewell Address, Which is Feelingly Replied to by the Young Prelate.

On few occasions have teachers of religion been so signally honored as was the Right Rev. Edward J. Dunne, bishop of Dallas, last evening, says the *Herald* of Saturday, Jan. 6. Surrounded by parishioners and friends of a score of years, who filled to overflowing the great auditorium of All Saints' church, he was given magnificent evidence of the love and esteem in which he is held in Chicago. Seldom have such demonstrations taken place in a Catholic church, but the parishioners who wished to show their former priest the measure of their regard were so many that the auditorium was opened. The tabernacle was shrouded.

Not only were the members of All Saints' parish there, but also a large delegation of the clergy and representative Catholics from all parts of the city. The delegation of the clergy included Rev. Fathers Flannigan, McGuire, McGavick, Dunne, Mooney, Dorney, Kelly, McShane, T. O'Gara, Reynolds, McDougall, Symth, Moloney, Whelan, Clancy, McLaughlin. Messrs. M. Cudahy, Daniel Corkery, John Shea, Thomas Moran, Dr. Guerin, James Healy, Thos. Brennan, Alexander Sullivan, Peter Kiolbassa.

Each one of a class of little girls, representing the school, presented the bishop with a bouquet of flowers. Other testimonials iccluded a miter and altar books. Daniel Corkery, in behalf of the parish, was the chairman of the meeting, and addressed the bishop, as follows:

This assemblage, composed of your parishioners of All Saint[illegible] those who were under your [illegible] assistant pastor [illegible] ward of St. Mary's, fellows and frie[illegible] me congratulate you on your elevation to the office of bishop, and couple that congratulation with regret that separation from us must follow your great honor and greater responsibilities.

Some of these present remember when you were borne to Chicago from your native land, Ireland; and have followed your course through St. Patrick's school, the College of St. Mary in this city, the seminary in Milwaukee and St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. They rejoiced in your ordination at Baltimore and welcomed you with pride and hope to the diocese of your childhood.

Nearly all of us recall that when the present parish of All Saints' was created by the late Bishop Thomas Foley, of happy memory, you were appointed its first pastor. With what zeal and self-sacrifice you began on the prairie our first parochial foundation! It was a structure devised to serve for the time, both as church and school: and, although you were appointed only in July, 1875, you celebrated holy mass for your parish in October of that year. In 1880 this beautiful church was built, the old building was adapted to schools exclusively and only when church and school were completed could your parishioners induce you to consider the erection of a parochial residence.

Church, schools and residence stand, your monuments. But greater than these are the children you have educated, the wayward reclaimed, the faltering ones strengthened, the living who speak only feebly their attachment and the sweet memory of departed souls guided by you into eternal rest.

To the good people and the self-sacrificing priests of the diocese of Dallas, we send with you our love and our commendation; and to their affection we confidently commit your future happiness.

You were born in a land and of a race whose history and traditions will give you the fortitude, under God's grace, to carry the cross in new and strange places, over rough and trying roads. Without rights in their own country, your people have carried freedom, Christianity and learning all over the globe. Inspired by the solemn oath of your office, animated by the abundant unction that comes from your ordination and consecration, and filled also with the achievements your ancestors have accumulated for liberty and for faith, we can behold the new schools, the new churches, the orphan asylums, the hospitals, which another decade will chronicle in the diocese of Dallas.

For the administration of your office you need but to follow the precept and example of our venerated metropolitan, Archbishop Feehan, gentle as he is just, erudite as he is modest, zealous as he is vigilant, and forbearing as he is valiant; and if you need another exemplar you will have that in the metropolitan of the archdiocese of New Orleans, Dr. Janssens, whose address on the occasion of your consecration, appealing to you for generosity toward the heroic priests of your new fold, has endeared him forever to us because we know from his own lips that he will be father and friend to you.

We congratulate your diocese in surrendering you to it, grievous as is our loss. We beg from your priests and people and yourself frequent remembrance of the parish that is made poorer that they may be made richer. We beg you always to feel that you still have two homes, the old one always on latch for your return. We beg you to accept the small token of our affection herewith presented; and we take our last leave of you in deep affection.

The testimonial was a pocket-book, well filled. In response the bishop said, in part:

This demonstration is bewildering to me. I would not be surprised with the expression of many kind feelings from the parish of All Saints, where I have spent many happy years, but to see so many here from other parishes of the city, and hear their expressions made through my friend, Mr. Corkery, influences me in such a way that varied thoughts come to my mind.

There are many texts in what have been said, but there is one great question which is dear to the Catholic heart. I refer to the matter of education of these children.

Our schools have not always been all that we could desire. But in this we have progressed, as in all other things, and the fact that it is our duty to give children the best education has brought the schools to their present high standing. I have never spoken a word against the public schools and, unless new facts are presented, I never will. They serve well the purpose for which they were designed, but our schools go farther. Children should be taught to do good and be good. We teach them to have sympathy for all and fill their souls with religion.

You give me much honor for what I have done, but if I have accomplished anything it is reflected on the men who have been associated with me. It has always been my good fortune to have associated with me priests of zeal whom the people loved, priests who gave their whole being to the work of the ministry. My associates have nearly all been of my own nationality, and I desire to say that I have never lost hope that Ireland will some day possess all that civilization counts for progress. Liberty shall dawn on Ireland and its pure light shall pour down upon a people whose genius and greatness have helped to make many other nations.

But I would not exchange any land for this. Here all are sovereigns and the success of our land depends upon our patriotism and our virtues.

[illegible] have to thank you all for the evi[illegible] of your esteem. I feel that I [illegible] place in many hearts here. You [illegible] due to me. I think, however, that one will be sent here who will in every way fill my place and who will be a blessing to you. I want in conclusion to invite you all to Texas, not to visit me but there you can find a home out of the crowded city and where there is plenty of room.

Bishop Dunne spoke feelingly of his relations to the clergy, and bade them formally a fond adieu. Other speakers were Fathers McShane, Dorney and Kelly, Washington Hessing and ex-Judge Moran.

HYMENEAL.

The marriage of Miss Irene Elizabeth Sullivan, of Elm street, daughter of the late J. B. Sullivan, to Dennis Francis Kelly was celebrated Thursday evening of last week in the chapel of the archiepiscopal residence on North State street. Archbishop Feehan was celebrant, assisted by the Rev. P. J. Muldoon, chancellor of the archdiocese. The altar was adorned with white roses and ferns, and the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin," played on piano and harps, announced the approach of the bride. Her attendants were Miss Marion Sullivan as maid of honor, and Miss Mary Barrett as bridesmaid. Immediately preceding her and carrying her bouquet of white roses was her nephew, little James Bernard Mullen. The tiny page wore a dainty costume of white satin with deep collars and cuffs of point lace. The groom, supported by his brother, P. J. Kelly, awaited the bride at the chancel gate. James Sullivan, the bride's brother, escorted her into the chapel and gave her away. During the ceremony Miss Margaret Barrett sang Guonod's "Ave Maria" with charming effect. The Mendelssohn march was played for the recessional. The bride's attendants were both attired in white point d'esprit over pink satin. The bodices were decollete, and the skirt draperies were held with clusters of pink rosebuds. Their flowers were la France roses. The bridal toilet was of exquisite cream white satin en train. The corsage had immense puffed sleeves and was finished with French embroidery. A veil of tulle fell to the edge of the train and was fastened to the coiffure by a diamond star. Following the ceremony was a supper at the home of the bride, No. 467 Elm street. The families of both the principals were the only guests. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly have gone away for a short trip. They will return to the city late in the month, when they will be given a reception by Mrs. Agnes Mullen and Dr. Margaret Sullivan at No. 467 Elm street.

OBITUARY.

MRS. BRIDGET M'HUGH.

Mrs. Bridget McHugh died on Saturday, Jan. 6, after a brief illness, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Philip Burke, No. 214 Forty-sixth street. The deceased was a native of Cloondargin, county Galway, Ireland, and had been in America but three years. She leaves two daughters to mourn her loss—Mrs. Burke and Mrs. Alexander Telfor. The interment took place at Mount Olivet, and was largely attended by numerous relatives and friends.

GOOD DOCTRINE.

The Hon. M. C. Quinn, of Peoria, Delivers An Able American Lecture Before a Catholic Assemblage.

He Gives Glory To All Creeds, and Justice Where Justice Is Due.

[*Peoria Transcript Jan. 4.*]

Following is the summary of an able lecture delivered by the Hon. M. C. Quinn, for the benefit of a Catholic benevolent society at Peoria, on the evening of the 3d inst.:

The discovery of the country by the great Columbus was providential and a god send to the world. The nations of Europe knew little of each other, except through war, and such acquaintance created little love or friendship. Nation warred against nation, and almost in every nation civil war and discord held sway. To open the eyes of those people so that they would see each other as they were, and know and respect each other, God opened this country up to them that a new light might dawn upon the world, and a better manhood be created.

Colonies established at Plymouth, Mass., and Jamestown, Va., were Protestant; that established in Maryland was Catholic. Distance and want of intercourse left them strangers to each other, until common dangers and common efforts brought them together in their struggle for independence.

Many of the dissensions existing between the early settlers through race or religion disappeared when they became acquainted and realized that they belonged to the same sacred brotherhood. Common hardships, common sympathies, common dangers drew them together for common safety. Thus we find that the American people, when they sought to form a federation to resist foreign dominion, wisely ceased to quarrel over the accident of race or creed for the sake of a common liberty. Washington, Adams, Hancock, Warren, Protestants: Paine, Free Thinkers; and a Catholic, vied with each other triotic endeavor. The religion the founders of our government had nothing to do with their patriotism. The religion of Grant, Sherman, Logan, Hancock, Schurz, Siegel, Shields or Sheridan did not make their swords more or less effective in the late war for the maintenance of our government.

Birthplace does not of itself make a true American. Benedict Arnold was born in Connecticut; Richard Montgomery in Ireland—which was the true American? Raphael Semmes was a native American; Paul Jones was born in bonny Scotland—which was the true American? Was not Lafayette, the friend of Washington, a true American? Was not the elegant and eloquent Baker, English by birth, who fell at Ball's Bluff, a true American? Thousands of instances might be cited to prove that neither birthplace in our midst nor the possession of any special religious creed, is or are essential to make a man a true American. In patriotism as in religion, and the general duties of life, men should be taken for what they are, and not for what they claim to be. Every true American will uphold the flag of our country, because it symbolizes the noblest and best of principles for our common welfare. No true American will pull down the American flag where that flag has a right to float. Every true American will sing:

"For ever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

No true American who enjoys American created wealth will go abroad to spend his millions and cringe and fawn at the feet of bastard royalty and so-called nobility asking titles or questionable honors. No true American woman will go abroad to seek a husband better than an American. God has made no better husbands than can be found here. Let all the weary men and women of Europe, who are sick and disgusted with the conditions there, come here, with love for our country and its institutions, with honest hearts and willing hands resolved to live and die in our American Eden. They are welcome. They will be true Americans. Brethren, let bonds of fraternal charity bind our hearts together. "Let us have peace." Let us travel the highway of life, heart and hand together. Let us close our hearts to hatred and open them wide to love and friendship.

True Americans are just, liberal and fair. They cheerfully give to others, and to each other, all the rights, privileges and enjoyments which they claim for themselves. They entertain no dislike nor hatred for other men because they hold and assert adverse opinions. It is true that all opinions are not acquiesced in by all the people, but no true Americans entertain or assert animosity for their fellow men simply because their opinions differ. The true American bows respectfully to the sublime in the constitution that gives every man the undeniable right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and let it be remembered to the eternal glory of the Catholics of America that they were the first to assert that right, and let us give thanks to the true Protestants of America who gave their aid and influence to uphold that splendid principle. With these views in mind it should follow that all true Americans, irrespective of creed and dogma, should vie with each other to maintain this constitutional right.

If there be any who would curtail or modify this exalted principle they are not true Americans—they are not in the camp with myself. The true American is broad-gauged, large hearted, generous and charitable. In charity, generosity and liberality, Americans surpass the world. No people are as prodigal in support of charity at home and abroad as are the American people. Let earthquake, fire, pestilence or other misfortune cause misery to humanity in any part of the globe that charity can reach, and the American hands and hearts are there at the earliest moment with succor and cheer.

When poor Ireland's children had in the famine been famishing for bread Americans, like ministering angels, stood by their side. Many a tear has been wiped from a pale Irish cheek by a generous American hand stretched across the Atlantic. It is at home, however—at our own doors that we can see what true Americans have done for helpless humanity.

Twenty-eight years residence in our beautiful city has taught me what true Americans can accomplish in the way of charity and helpfulness. Commencing with that period we find that the only place in this community where the distressed might find relief was the humble city hospital. Since then the Home of the Friendless has been established where motherless little children have found mothers. St. Francis or Bradley Hospital, where the mangled, disabled and sick may and do receive medical, surgical and spiritual aid and comfort was added to Peoria's honor. The Cottage Hospital, which might be called the "Proctor Home," is another blessing to the suffering poor. The Bradley Home for Aged Women is another creation within that time, and is a comfort to the hour of death for many, and a crown of glory for its founder whose name it bears. The Guyer Home for Aged Helpless is an honor and a perpetual glory to the Protestant gentleman whose generosity created it. St. Joseph's Home for Aged Men and Women, the result of untiring zeal and self-sacrificing efforts of the Very Rev. Conrad Rotter will remain in our midst doing great good, while the soul of its founder will be enjoying the bliss of heaven. The Home of the Blessing is another institution of recent creation which is do[illegible] much good in reclaiming the erring [illegible] our city, and God [illegible] tender-hearted [illegible], and are main[illegible]

Lastly, we have the Home of the Good Shepherd, a home that is managed by sisters who have given up all the allurements, pleasures and prospects in this life to soothe, to cheer and to comfort suffering babyhood, sisterhood and womanhood.

So we find that sympathy and charity work through Protestant and Catholic channels alike. Our Hebrew fellow-citizens are not behind in this good work. Their hearts and hands go forth liberally and cheerfully in aid of all these institutions because they see in those helped the children of a common Heavenly Father. The Christian does not surpass the Hebrew in helpfulness to God's distressed. It therefore follows if we thus act, and are inclined to act according to our means, we are true Americans, be we Protestant, Catholic or Hebrew.

KATIE EMMETT.

A Favorite Actress in a Popular Play.

Next week the well known Irish comedienne, Miss Katie Emmett, will present her beautiful drama "Killarney" at the Alhambra Theatre, in this city. The following excerpt from the *Irish World* of New York, will be of interest to our readers:

"Miss Katie Emmett produced her new Irish play, "Killarney," at the Star Theatre, New York, to a crowded and enthusiastic house. For nearly a half hour before the curtain arose standing room was at a premium and hundreds were turned away. In the different parts of the audience were seen many faces well known in Irish and American politics, journalism, and art, and bows of mutual recognition were frequent. At length, after a splendid selection of Irish airs by the orchestra, the curtain arose, disclosing a magnificent view of the Lower Lake of Killarney by moonlight, which brought a hearty round of applause from the audience.

"The scenery of the entire piece is very beautiful, and surpasses anything ever seen in an Irish play in this city. The play is a pretty love story, the scenes of which are laid, as the name would denote, in the historic region of Killarney during the years of 1784 and 1785. The period of the piece and the locality in which it is placed give excellent opportunities for great scenic effects and elaborate costumes, and these points were not neglected. Among the views given are fine reproductions of the Reeks, Colleen Bawn Rook, Carran Tual, Brickeen Bridge and Ross Castle. One thing that especially recommends the play to an Irish audience is the fact that it is devoid of the usual characteristics of the conventional Irish play. It is a pure, clean story and will compare favorably with many of the elegant productions of our fashionable theatres. We hope Miss Emmett will meet with the success everywhere that her good work deserves."

The Best Authorities,

Such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Prof. Gross, and others, agree that catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cures catarrh.

"THE STORY OF IRELAND."

Reminiscences of Parnell's Early Days —His "Exquisite" Appearance.

The Dramatic Figure He Cut During the Early Days of Obstruction.

[*Irish Independent, Dec. 21*].

Mr. Standish O'Grady has rendered another service to the Irish people by the publication of a new book under the title of "The Story of Ireland." He has furnished the public with a clear and graphic account of the men whose deeds, acts and words constitute the landmarks of the Irish race. Beginning with Milesius, he ends with a sympathetic notice of Parnell, from which we quote at length. He says:

"Parnell died so recently that no attempt to estimate his powers can possibly be successful. When first I saw him he was in the chair at one of Butt's meetings in the rotunda. He was then a fashionable and elegant, but very shy and diffident young man. All that I noticed was that Butt, who relied mainly on the democracy, had apparently secured a young aristocrat, or 'exquisite' of some sort, as a recruit. I saw him next in the same room. He and Joe Biggar had just returned from their first obstructive session, and were, of course, the patriot lions of the hour. I had read somewhere in a newspaper how Parnell, having been expelled from the house, had walked down the floor, leaving the members to draw what conclusion they pleased from the aplomb of his manner and the rigidity of his back. Speaker after speaker got up. At last a young man arose, the rigidity of whose back and the sternness of whose front left me no longer in doubt. It was Parnell—the man who had defied the opinion of the house of commons and the public opinion of England, the man who had regarded all the great newspapers as 'mud under his feet, worse than the mud, for the mud could not help being there.'"

Dealing with Parnell's personality he says:

"There are some highly characteristic anecdotes told of Parnell in his youth. Someone presented the child and his sister, Fanny Parnell, the poetess, with boxes of tin soldiers and artillery. A battle ensued. The artillery on Charley's side did great sxecution, while his own men, though often struck, stood stiffly on their feet. Charley, the astute and unscrupulous, had glued his men to the table. He won greater victories by glueing his men to a certain position on the floor of St. Stephen's, and was overthrown in the end because his glue was not strong enough. As a boy and young man he was an ardent cricketer, and was elected captain of his own county eleven. Once he brought his own men to Dublin for a match. He and the captain of the opposing team had a dispute about some trifle. Parnell would not give in, though his men urged him to do so. He marched them grumbling off the field, and conducted them back to Wicklow. The boy was father of the man then.

"The first public allusion to Parnell that I remember was a published letter written by the priest of his parish recommending him to a constituency. The priest wrote: 'Though he is the youngest of our bench of magistrates the others defer to his opinion, and when a knotty point arises postpone it till he can be present.' There was nothing disproportionate in his genius. In the world of action he would have been at home anywhere—a man who could on demand concentrate all the powers of his mind on things little as well as great. In him there was no faculty which became strong at the expense of the others. His faculty of speech was considerable, but one never forgot the man behind the word. His words had something of the hardness and solidity of facts. His speech was action.'

"In 1880, owing to a succession of bad seasons, the indebtedness of the farmers brought on a popular movement for the reduction of rent. Parnell, who had hitherto been only a Nationalist, perceived, as Lalor did, that the land question was something which was strong enough to carry, not only itself, but the national question too. He at once put himself at the head of the nascent agitation, and stimulated it to the point of revolutionary frenzy. Lalor was right. There was a possible wolf-hound in every cabin. Parnell unmuzzled him that winter. There was blood on his jaws when the same hand that let him loose whipped him home again. But the work which the master required of him he had done, as in one day the Irish land system fell with a crash. In 1880 Ireland was owned by the tenants. The cabinet yielded before the cabin.

"The figure of Parnell during the agitation in the winter was exceedingly dramatic. His movements were so swift there seemed to be not one but half a dozen Parnells in the field. His speeches were short, clear, incisive, passionate—admirably calculated to foment and maintain the agrarian rebellion. He never used the vulgar exordium 'Gentlemen,' but 'Men of Meath,' 'Men of Roscommon,' etc. In fact, he spoke, not like a modern politician, but like a man who had work to do, and meant to do it. The whole situation was grandly dramatic. Many of us fully expected that the landlords on their side in that crisis of their fortunes would have exhibited a spirit resembling that in which they were assailed, and on their side would have brought out a man to match Parnell. But, somehow, all their spirit had evaporated since '98. They ran, as it were, to England for shelter, and, of course, England—I mean the statesmen of England—betrayed them as Lalor in 1848 predicted that they would. 'You lie helpless on the highway before the great English parties, and they will trample you to death,' wrote Lalor.

"The agrarian legislation which succeeded, and in which both parties, the Conservatives as well as the Liberals, had a hand, was weak, ill-judged, and in many ways unjust. It was in many respects illogical, even absurd—halting, inadequate, a thing of shreds and patches, unjust to owners of property, yet not unjust to the tenants. Our agrarian legislation will supply beautiful precedents to be improved upon when some hand like Parnell's unties the English mastiff and sets him upon the land owners of England. When the first black day comes round some student of Lalor's doctrine, as expounded in 'Progress and Poverty,' will unmuzzle the English mastiff too, and there will be a hunt of the gods.

"Parnell was no out and out revolutionist. Born and bred an aristocrat he knew that his class were the possessors of certain moral and intellectual qualities, without which Ireland, as a nation, would be the poorer. I think he had planned out ways and means for preserving the Irish gentry, not at the cost of the Irish peasant, but at the cost of the Imperial treasury; also that he intended to manœuvre so as to have Ulster on his side, not on his flank. The man was many, counselled and deep counselled with as fine a head on his shoulders as was ever grown in Ireland. Tyrone was another Irishman of that type. In both men I perceive the ice-clear, ice-cold intellect working as if in the midst of fire. Both had a hovering appreciation of facts, both a kingly courtesy, both a peculiar faculty of luminous and most simple speech. Tyrone, too, was never beaten.

"This, too—it is not a little—may be said about Parnell. Those who were nearest to him liked him best. His brothers and sisters seemed to have loved him much. Even the gentry of Leinster, his neighbors, liked him and watched his strange career as their enemy with a certain amused and affectionate interest. The offense which led to his overthrow and then to his death will not militate against his reputation in history. The Muse of History loves best her imperfect heroes. That is curious, but a fact, and the imperfection found in Parnell is just that which, instead of showing a blot, becomes, when seen through the softening mists of time and memory, something that radiates a pathetic beauty. This, too, is curious, but a fact. Posterity will easily forgive Parnell, and like him probably all the better for his weakness.

"Again I state a fact—it was witnessed by thousands. While his followers were committing Charles Parnell's remains to the earth, the sky was bright with strange lights and flames. Only a coincidence possibly; and yet persons not superstitious have maintained that there is some mysterious sympathy between the human soul and the elements, and that storms and other elemental disturbances have too often succeeded or accompanied great battles to be regarded as only fortuitous. Truly the souls of men were widely and deeply troubled that night; electrical and highly wrought in the extreme. Those strange flames recalled to my memory what is told of similar phenomena, said to have been witnessed when tidings of the death of the great Christian, St. Columba, overran the northwest of Europe, as perhaps truer than I had imagined."

Mr. O'Grady's new work is published by Methuen & Co., Bury street, London, W. C.

LACOTAH (SIOUX.)

First division, are Tetowan (Born in Lodges) comprising:

1. Ogallala. Poured or cast out; as rushing on the enemy.
2. Minnecaujo. Plant by the waters.
3. Unk-pa-pa. Hold the corner or outgoing; as of a camp.
4. E-tazippcha. Wooden bows; sans arcs?
5. Hohe nopa. Two boiling; two kettles?
6. Schasapa. Black feet: brule, burnt.

Second division, are Isanti (Lodge-knives) comprising:

1. Sissetowan. Born at outpour of lakes.
2. Mdewahkatowan. Born at Medicine Lake.
3. Wahpekootai. Leaf shooters.
4. Magatoh. Blue earth.
5. Pashutazee. Yellow medicine

Third division, are Ihanktowan (Born at the far end: as point of arrow), comprising:

1. Upper Ihanktowan.
2. Lower Ihanktowan.
3. Minneshala. Red water.
4. Weecheeala. The people?

Fourth division, are Hohe Assinaboines boilers, comprising

1. Wautopana. Canoe paddlers.
2. Shunkawa[illegible]. Dogs tails.
3. Weecheeyena. Band of girls.
4. Ecahpeeya. Band of stones.

The Sioux were first known in 1670, at west Lake Superior, as mentioned by Pere Mar[illegible] and afterwards occupied the country [illegible] and Cree to the north and A[illegible] Ravines, Mandan, Grosventre[illegible] Crow. The Tetowan use no [illegible] in their language, as tallo beef, [illegible] friend, mela knife, shunkawanka [illegible] of spirit dog; horse, [illegible]. The Ihanktowanse no [illegible], or r, as tallo [illegible] coda friend, mena knife, [illegible] similar to Ihanktowan except some [illegible] as ista eye, mazawanka [illegible] gun. Assinaboine is a [illegible] Sioux language, as coda or [illegible] friend, [illegible] beef, [illegible] tonka [illegible] gun, shunkawanka (big-dog, [illegible]

JOHN HOWARD.

TUBBER DERG.

The Misfortunes and Triumphs of Owen McCarthy, an Irish Tenant Farmer.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

Owen, for another year, struggled on for his family, without success; his firm spirit was broken; employment he could not get, and even had it been regular, he would have found it impracticable to support his helpless wife and children by his labor. The next year unhappily was also one of sickness and of want; the country was not only a wide waste of poverty, but overspread with typhus fever.

One Saturday night Owen and the family found themselves without food; they had not tasted a morsel for twenty-four hours. There were murmuring and tears, and, finally, a low conversation among them, as if they held a conference upon some subject which filled them with both grief and satisfaction. In this alternation of feeling did they pass the time until the sharp gnawing of hunger was relieved by sleep. A keen December wind blew with a bitter blast on the following morning; the rain was borne along upon it with violence, and the cold was chill and piercing. Owen, his wife, and their six children, issued at daybreak out of the barn which, ever since their removal from Tubber Derg, they had lived until then; their miserable fragments of bed clothes were tied in a bundle to keep them dry; their pace was slow, need we say sorrowful; all were in tears. Owen and Kathleen went first, with a child upon the back, and another in the hand of each. Their route lay by their former dwelling, the door of which was open, for it had not been inhabited. On passing it they stood for a moment; then with a simultaneous impulse both approached—entered—and took one last look of a spot to which their hearts clung with enduring attachment. They then returned; and as they passed, Owen put forth his hand, picked a few small pebbles out of the wall, and put them in his pocket.

"Farewell!" said he, "and may the blessin' of God rest upon you! We now lave you for ever! We're goin' at last to beg our bread through the world wide, where none will know of the happy days we passed widin your walls! We *must* lave you, but glory be to the Almighty, we are goin' wid a clear conscience; we took no revenge into our own hands, but left everything to God above us. We are poor, but there is neither blood, nor murder, nor dishonesty upon our heads. Don't cry, Kathleen—don't cry, childher; there is still a good God above, who can and may do something for us *yet*, glory be to his holy name!"

He then passed on with his family, which, including himself, made, in, all, eight paupers, being an additional burden upon the country, which might easily have been avoided. His land was about two years waste, and when it was ultimately taken, the house was a ruin, and the money allowed by the landlord for building a new one, together with the loss of two years' rent, would, if humanely directed, have enabled Owen McCarthy to remain a solvent tenant.

When an Irish peasant is reduced to pauperism, he seldom commences the melancholy task of soliciting alms in his native place. The trial is always a severe one, and he is anxious to hide his shame and misery from the eyes of those who know him. This is one reason why some system of poor laws should be introduced into the country. [This story was written before the Poor Law Act.] Paupers of this description become a burden upon strangers, whilst those who are capable of entering with friendly sympathy into their misfortunes have no opportunity of assisting them. Indeed this shame of seeking alms from those who have known the mendicant in better days, is a proof that the absence of poor laws takes away from the poorer classes one of the strongest incitements to industry; for instance, if every pauper in Ireland were confined to his own parish, and compelled to beg from his acquaintances, the sense of shame alone would, by stirring them up to greater industry, reduce the number of mendicants one-half. There is a strong spirit of family pride in Ireland, which would be sufficient to make many poor, of both sexes, exert themselves to the uttermost rather than cast a stain upon their name, or bring a blush to the face of their relations. But now it is not so; the mendicant sets out to beg, and, in most instances, commences his new mode of life in some distant part of the country, where his name and family are not known.

Indeed it is astonishing how any man can, for a moment, hesitate to form his opinion upon the subject of poor laws. The English and Scotch gentry know something about the middle and lower classes of their respective countries, and, of course, they have a fixed system of provision for the poor in each. The ignorance of the Irish gentry, upon almost every subject connected with the real good of the people, is only in keeping with their ignorance of the people themselves. It is to be feared, however, that their disinclination to introduce poor laws arises less from actual ignorance, than from an illiberal selfishness. The facts of the case are these: In Ireland the whole support of the inconceivable multitude of paupers, who swarm like locusts over the surface of the country, rests upon the middle and lower classes, or rather upon the latter, for there is scarcely such a thing in this unhappy country as a middle class. In not one out of a thousand instances do the gentry contribute to the mendicant poor. In the first place, a vast proportion of our landlords are absentees, who squander upon their own pleasures or vices, in the theatres, saloons, or gaming-houses of France, or in the softer profligacies of Italy, that which ought to return in some shape to stand in the place of duties so shamefully neglected. These persons contribute nothing to the poor, except the various evils which their absence entails upon them.

On the other hand, the resident gentry never, in any case, assist a beggar, even in the remote parts of the country, where there are no Mendicity Institutions. Nor do the beggars ever think of applying to them. They know that his honor's dogs would be slipped at them; or that the might be laid, perhaps, to the shoulders of a broken-hearted father, with his brood of helpless children wanting food; perhaps, upon the emaciated person of a miserable wtdow, who begs for her orphans, only because the hands that supported, and would have defended both her and them, are mouldered into dust.

Upon the middle and lower classes, therefore, comes directly the heavy burden of supporting the great mass of pauperism that presses upon Ireland. It is certain that the Irish landlords know this, and that they are reluctant to see any law enacted which might make the performance of their duties to the poor compulsory. This, indeed, is natural in men who have so inhumanly neglected them.

But what must the state of a country be where those who are on the way to pauperism themselves are exclusively burdened with the support of the vagrant poor? It is like putting additional weight on a man already sinking under the burden he bears. The landlords suppose, that because the maintenance of the idle who are able, and of the aged and infirm who are not able, to work comes upon the centers of land, they themselves are exempted from their support. This, if true, is as bitter a stigma upon their humanity as upon their sense of justice; but it is not true. Though the cost of supporting such an incredible number of the idle and helpless does, in the first place, fall upon the tenant, yet, by diminishing his means, and by often compelling him to purchase, towards the end of the season, a portion of food equal to that which he has given away in charity, it certainly becomes ultimately a clear deduction from the landlord's rent. In either case it is a deduction, but in the latter it is often doubly so; inasmuch as the poor tenants must frequently pay, at the close of a season, double, perhaps treble, the price which provision brought, at the beginning of it.

Any person conversant with the Irish people must frequently have heard such dialogues as the following, during the application of a beggar for alms:

Mendicant—"We're axin your charity, for God's sake!"

Poor tenant—"Why thin for His sake you would get, poor crathur, if we had it; but it's not for you widin the four corners of the house. It 'ud be well for us if we had now all we gave away in charity durin' she whole year; we wouldn't have to be buyin' for ourselves at three prices. Why don't you go up to the Big House? They're rich and can afford it."

Mendicant, with a shrug, which sets all his coats and bags in motion—"Och! och! The Big House, inagh! Musha, do you want me, and the childhre here, to be torn to pieces with the dogs? or lashed wid a whip by one o' the sarvints? No, no, avourneen!" (with a hopeless shake of the head). "That 'ud be a blue look-up, like a clear evenin'."

Poor Tenant—"Then, indeed, we haven't it to help you, now, poor man. We're buyin' ourselves."

Mendicant—"Thin, throth, that's lucky, so it is! I've as purty a grain o' male here, as you'd wish to thicken water wid that I sthruv to get together, in hopes to be able to buy a quarter o' tobaccy, along wid a pair o' new bades an' a scapular for myself. I'm suspicious that there's about a stone ov it altogether. You can have it anunder the market price, for I'm frettin' at not havin' the scapular an' me. Sure the Lord will send me an' the childhre a bit an' sup some way else—glory to his name!—besides a lock o' praties in the corner o' the bag here, that'll do us for this day, any way."

The bargain is immediately struck, and the poor tenant is glad to purchase, even from a beggar, his stone of meal, in consequence of getting it a few pence under market price. Such scenes as this, which are of frequent occurrence in the country parts of Ireland, need no comment.

This, certainly, is not a state of things which should be per mitted to exist. Every man ought to be compelled to support the poor of his native parish according to his means. It is an indelible disgrace to the legislature so long to have neglected the paupers of Ireland. Is it to be thought of with common patience that a person rolling in wealth shall feed upon his turite, his venison, and his costly luxuries of every description, for which he will not scruple to pay the highest price—that this heartless and selfish man, whether he reside at home or abroad, shall thus unconsciously pamper himself with viands purchased by the toil of the people, and yet not contribute to assist them, when poverty, sickness, or age, throws them upon the scanty support of casual charity!

Shall this man be permitted to batten in luxury in a foreign land, or at home; to whip our paupers from his carriage; or hunt them, like beasts of prey, from his grounds, whilst the lower classes—the gradually decaying poor—are compelled to groan under the burthen of their support in addition to their other burthens? Surely it is not a question which admits of argument. This subject has been darkened and made difficult by fine-spun and unintelligible theories, when the only knowledge necessary to understand it may be gained by spending a few weeks in some poor village in the interior of the country. As for parliamentary committees upon this or any other subject, they are, with reverence be it spoken, thoroughly contemptible. They will summon and examine witnesses who, for the most part, know little about the habits or distresses of the poor; public money will be wasted in defraying their expenses and in printing reports; resolutions will be passed; something will be said about it in the house of commons; and, in a few weeks, after resolving and re-resolving, it is as little thought of, as if it had never been the subject of investigation. In the meantime the evil proceeds—becomes more inveterate—eats into the already declining prosperity of the country—whilst those who suffer under it have the consolation of knowing that a parliamentary committee sat longer upon it than so many geese upon their eggs, but hatched nothing. Two circumstances, connected with pauperism in Ireland, are worthy of notice. The first is this—the Roman Catholics, who certainly constitute the bulk of the population, feel themselves called upon, from the peculiar tenets of their religion, to exercise indiscriminate charity largely to the begging poor. They act under the impression that eleemosynary good works possess the power of cancelling sin to an extent almost incredible. Many of their religious legends are founded upon this view of the case; and the reader will find an appropriate one as a tale, or sermon, as given in our tale of "The Poor Scholar." That legend is one which the author has many a time heard from the lips of the people, by whom it was implicitly believed. A man who may have committed a murder over night, will the next day endeavor to wipe away his guilt by alms given for the purpose of getting the benefit of "the poor man's prayer." The principle of assisting our distressed fellow-creatures, when rationally exercised, is one of the best in society; but here it becomes entangled with error, superstition, and even with crime—acts as a bounty upon imposture, and in some degree predisposes to guilt, from an erroneous belief that sin may be cancelled by alms and the prayers of mendicant imposters.

The second point, in connection with pauperism, is the immortal influence that proceeds from the relation in which the begging poor in Ireland stand towards the class by whom they are supported. These, as we have already said, are the poorest, least educated, and consequently the most ignorant description of the people. They are, also, the most numerous; there have been for conturies, probably since the Reformation itself, certain opinions floating among the lower classes in Ireland, all tending to prepare them for some great change in their favor, arising from the discomfiture of heresy, the overthrow of their enemies, and the exaltation of themselves and their religion.

[It is hardly necessary to state that Mr. Carleton's views on the foregoing subject are not spared in, or indorsed, by THE CITIZEN, but we have deemed it only fair to give an unmutilated version of his story.]

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Tobar Deire-an-Domhain.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Ann sin ghleus sí seire bhreágh dhó agus thug dó é. Nuair d'ith agus d'ól sé a sháith, dúbhairt sí leis, "rinne tú aistear fada anóir, iar liom go d-taisbeánfaidh mé leabuidh dhuit." Ann sin thug sí go seómra breágh é, thaisbeán leabuidh dhóragus chuaidh an mac righ 'na chodladh. Níor mhúsgail sé go raibh an ghrian a' teacht asteach air na fuinneógaibh' an lá sár na mhárach. Ann sin d'éirigh, agus ghleus é féin, agus bhí ag dul amach, nuair d'fhiafruigh an chailleach de, cia an áit a raibh sé dul. "Ní'l fhios agam," ar san mac righ, "d'fhág me an baile le tobar Deire-an-Domhain d'fhágail amach." Tá mise," ar san chailleach, "andhaigh cuid mhaith d'áiteachaibh do shiúbhal, acht níor chualaidh mé caint air thobar Deire-an-Domhain ariamh roimhe."

D'imthigh an mac righ amách agus bhí ag siúbhal go dtáinig sé go chros-bhóthar eidir dhá choill. Ní raibh fhios aige cia an bóthar do rachadh sé. Chonnaic sé suidheachán faoi bhonn crainn mhóir. An uair chuaidh sé chuige fuair sé sgriobhtha air, "Is é seo suidheachán luchd-siúbhail." Do shuidh an mac righ síos agus faoi cheann móimid' chonnaic sé an bhean budh bhreágha san domhan ag teacht chuige, agus i gleusada le síoda dearg, agus dubhairt sí leis, "chualaidh me go minic gur feárr do dhul air aghaidh 'ná air g-cúl." Ann sin d'imthigh sí as ambaire, mar do shiúgfeadh an talamh í. D'éirigh an mac righ agus chuaidh air athaidh. Shiúbhail sé an lá sin go raibh dorchacht na h-oidhche ag teacht air, agus ní raibh fhios aige cia an áit a bh-fuigheadh sé lóistin. Chonnaire sé solas i g-coill agus tharraing sé air. Bhí an solas i d-teach beag. Ní raibh bonn cleite amach air no bárr cleite asteach air acht aon chleite amháin a bhí ag congbháil nuas an tighe. Bhuail sé an doras agus d'fhosgail seanchailleach é. "Go m-beannuigh Dia ann so," san mac righ. "Ceud mile fáilte rómhad, a mhic Rhigh Chaisleám Bhuidhe-shamhnaidh," ar san chailleach. "Cia chaoi bh-fuair tu eólas orm-sa?" ar san mac righ. "'S i mo dheirbhshiúr d'oil thá," ar san chailleach, "suidh síos go bh-fágh me seire réidh dhuit." An uair d'ith agus d'ól sé a sháith chuir sí 'nna chodladh é go maidin. An uair d'eirigh sé ghuidh sé air Dhia é do threórughadh i m-bealach a leasa. "Cá fhad a rachas tú andin?" ar san chailleach, "Ní'l fhios agam, ar san mac righ, tá me tóruigheacht tobair Deire-an-Domhain." "Tá mise tri cheud bliadhain ann so," ar san chailleach, "agus níor chualaidh me caint air a leitheid d'áit roimhe, acht tá deirbhshiúr agam níos sine 'ná me féin, agus b'fhéidir go bh-fuil eólas aici air. Seo dhuit liathróid airgid, agus an uair rachas tú amach air an m-bóthar caith rómhad í, agus lean í go d-tagaidh tú go tigh mo dheirbhshiúra."

An uair chuaidh sé amach air an m-bóthar chaith sé síos an liathróid, agus bhí dá leanamhsaint go raibh an ghrian ag dul faoi sgáil na g-choc.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hell's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

"Babyhood."

The January number of *Babyhood* has an article by Dr. C. H. May on "Eye Troubles in Children," in which he clearly defines the meaning of "sore" and "weak" eyes, and mentions various simple remedies for the minor eye affections of childhood. Dr. R. Lewis discusses authoritatively the subject of ear troubles, laying down special rules for syringing the ear, which ought to be carefully heeded by every mother who has to deal with these common ailments. In "The Mothers' Parliament" are found entertaining letters on "Neighborly Kindness," on "Habits of Repose," "The Advent of Little Brother," and other subjects dear to young mothers. The benefits of "Suburban Homes" are the theme of an interesting article, and there is the usual medical advice in reply to questions concerning the promotion of the flow of milk, winter garments, constipation, points of diet, etc. One dollar a year. Babyhood Publishing Company, New York.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

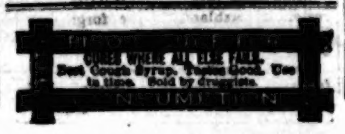
A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, P. D., 6 Cedar St., New York.



REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.50.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.50

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS, HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—No. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—No. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER No. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very lastest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER No. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER No. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

VOORHEES' PLAIN TALK.

HE IS CALLED UPON BY HIGH PROTECTION MEN.

They Receive No Encouragement from the Chairman of the Finance Committee, Who Takes the Opportunity to Express Himself Freely.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—A delegation which called upon Senator Voorhees in the interest of higher duties on the metal schedule received very little or no encouragement from the chairman of the committee on finance, and the senator took advantage of the opportunity to express himself freely and forcibly upon the subject of a tariff in a general way.

"If protection were a Chinese wall," said the senator, "you manufacturers who believe in it would not be satisfied with any height to which it might be raised, but would keep up the demand for an increased elevation. You have got it so high that you are ashamed to ask it in your own names, but put it in the names of those whom you employ as laborers, when as a matter of fact after the McKinley bill became a law wages of employes were reduced in manufacturing institutions in various parts of the country."

Only a Specimen.

This and much more he said to the callers and after they had taken their departure he turned to the Associated Press reporter and said:

"This is only a specimen of importunities to which I am subjected. Many people who are engaged in manufacturing enterprises throughout the country and in other industries affected by the tariff call upon me daily and many more write to me. I tell them we are going to have the subject disposed of as soon as it can possibly be done."

"Do you tell them the bill will be materially changed by the finance committee?"

"I do not. I see there are reports current that the finance committee will report a substitute for the bill, but I do not consider this probable. The Wilson bill will be the basis of our recommendation and will be the bill which the senate will consider and pass. It is possible that we may change, among other things, the sugar schedule. As to all raw material, I believe in leaving them where the bill put them."

Favors an Income Tax.

Mr. Voorhees, when questioned as to the income tax, said he indorsed the committee's action. He said no political party could do a wiser thing than to vote such a tax.

"If," said he, "the man who has an income of $4,000 is not able to pay a tax, who is able to pay? I voted against the repeal of the income tax twenty years ago and I hope to have a chance to vote for the re-enactment of the law. I indorse the action of the committee in putting a higher tax on cigarettes. I think a mistake has been made in not adding more to the whisky tax than has been added by the committee. Whisky will stand almost any tax. It ought to have been raised to $2 and the country would have not objected.

BOLD DAYLIGHT ROBBERY.

A Chicago Loan Office Plundered of Nearly $5,000 by Two Men.

CHICAGO, Jan. 8.—The Star Loan company's office at 55 West Randolph street was visited by two men at 9 o'clock in the morning, who bound and gagged the young man in charge and robbed the safe of goods valued at between $4,000 and $5,000. The proprietor of the place is Samuel Greenburg. He had not yet come down to business, the office being in charge of his nephew, Lonil Greenburg. Just before 9 o'clock two men carrying a valise entered the office.

They entered into a conversation with young Greenburg, and suddenly, when his back was turned, seized him from behind and threw him to the floor. He was then bound and gagged and covered with a pile of trunks and second-hand goods. The men then turned their attention to the safe, which was open, and took a large quantity of jewelry which they packed in the valise. A little girl coming into the office alarmed them and they made their escape, taking the plunder with them.

Cherokee Strip Bonds Sold.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—R. T. Wilson & Co. of New York city, as agents of the Astor family, have bought through J. C. McElroy & Co. of Chicago, the entire issue of United States bonds known as the Cherokee Strip bonds. These bonds only bear 4 per cent. interest, and all of them mature inside of five years. The amount of the issue is $6,620,000, and the Astors take them on a bid of $6,740,000.

Failure in Jewelry.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 8.—The well known jewelry firm of George Wolf & Co. of this city made an assignment. The establishment is the oldest of its kind in the state and was founded in 1856. The indebtedness lies altogether in the east. The liabilities are estimated at $35,000 with assets about $100,000. Dull trade and poor collections are the cause of the failure.

Murderers in Chicago's Jail.

CHICAGO, Jan. 6.—Fifty two prisoners are now waiting behind the iron-barred gratings of Cook county jail charged with murder. Besides this large number of men who are to be tried for their lives over 500 other prisoners charged with almost every crime on the calendar are in the jail awaiting trial.

Unfavorable to Hornblower.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—The senate judiciary committee, it is understood, has decided to report the nomination of Hornblower for associate justice of the supreme court of the United States as unfavorably.

Lindsay Will Be Returned.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Jan. 8.—The Democratic legislature in caucus unanimously renominated Judge William Lindsay for United States senator. This is equivalent to an election.

The conditions are favorable for the development of consumption only when the system gets "run down," then follows a cold, a catarrh, the bacilli of tuberculosis become lodged in the mucous membrane, invade the tissues and spread.

The human hair is absolutely the most profitable crop that grows. Five tons of it are annually imported by the merchants of London. The Parisians harvest upward of 200,000 pounds, equal in value to £80,000 per annum.

QUORUM IN THE HOUSE.

The Debate on the New Tariff Bill at Last Begun.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—When the house met in the morning the chances appeared to be that the deadlock which has existed for the last four days for lack of a Democratic quorum would be broken and that the tariff debate would begin. The deputies of the sergeant-at-arms had brought back to Washington enough members under arrest to fill out the quorum. There was a better attendance in the galleries than on any day since the reconvening after the holiday recess and the floor of the house fairly swarmed with members. The roll call developed the presence of a quorum, 179 members voting on the first roll call. The demand for the previous question in the house was carried—189 to nothing—ten more than a quorum. Thirty minutes' debate was allowed under the rules.

The house adopted a special order fixing the 29th for a vote on the Wilson bill by a vote of 175 to 1. Immediately after the adoption of the rules committee report, Chairman Wilson rose and opened the debate on the tariff bill.

Hawaii in the Senate.

Hawaii is up in the senate. Senator Chandler introduced a new Hawaiian resolution and the Hoar resolution about Blount's salary came up in regular order. Gorman moved reference to the foreign relations committee. Hoar objected.

The senate went into executive session at 2 o'clock to consider the report on Hornblower.

BOLD BANK ROBBERY.

An Institution at Franklin Grove, Ills., Plundered of $5,000.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Jan. 5.—Full particulars of the bank robbery at Franklin Grove, according to the report of L. C. Wachsmuth, one of the stockholders, show that the actual cash loss will not exceed $5,000. The safe, which was a valuable one, is a total wreck and the bank building seriously damaged as a result of the explosion that broke open the strong box. As soon as Mr. Wachsmuth learned of the robbery he engaged the services of the Stanley Western Detective agency. C. E. Stanley himself went directly to Franklin Grove and began work on the case. Regarding the bank's condition no one need have any fear. It has a capital stock of $25,000 and the deposits amount to about $75,000.

No clews have been found to the robbers and the detective who came out from Chicago to run down the men who cracked the big save is no nearer a solution of the mystery than he was when he reached the little village. He claims that he will be able to locate the perpetrators by the peculiar class of work done by them with the drills. But the bank officials, as well as the general public, have little hope of landing the gang. There is no longer any doubt that the three suspicious characters who were seen to board the east bound passenger at Franklin Grove Wednesday morning at 3:45 o'clock were the robbers and that they went directly to Chicago.

IOWA LEGISLATURE.

Both Branches Called to Order—The Temporary Officers.

DES MOINES, Ia., Jan. 8.—The legislature, which is to elect a United States senator, met at 2 o'clock. The house was called to order by O. E. Doubleday of Polk county and the temporary speaker was S. J. Vandeger of Warren county.

The senate was called to order by Lieutenant Governor Bestow, Democrat. The Republican senators, who compose thirty-two of the total of fifty members, held a caucus to select temporary officers. Those selected were: Hutchins, Rep., Des Moines, temporary secretary, with power to appoint two assistants; S. P. Yeamans, Dem., temporary sargeant at arms. The rest of the officers are all Republicans.

Candidates for United States senator agreed upon Friday night, Jan. 12, as the time for holding the Republican caucus.

TOLEDO'S GREATEST FIRE.

The Loss Finally Estimated at Three-Quarters of a Million.

TOLEDO, Jan. 5.—The loss by the great fire here is now, upon careful estimate, put at $760,000. It was by all odds the greatest fire Toledo has ever suffered. The wind carried burning brands to the northwest for a distance of at least half a mile, and threatened at one time to involve the city in a general conflagration. Every roof in the threatened district was watched by the occupants of the houses, however, and dozens of incipient fires were extinguished. The wind, which was a strong breeze when the fire began, died down within the hour and this aided the fire department in their task.

There is no doubt but that at least one life was lost. It was rumored and denied that Captain James Frazer, of Company No. 5, was lost. His relatives have searched for him in all of the hospitals without avail. One of the firemen says that he saw Frazer in King's elevator shortly beiore that building collapsed. Workmen are searching for the body in the ruins.

Toledo was visited by another fire last night, starting in the old library building, directly opposite the ruins of the Chamber of Commerce. It was under control soon, but inflicted a loss of $34,500, fairly insured.

CHRIS EVANS LOCATED.

The Escaped Desperado and a Companion in a Logging Camp.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 5.—News from the pursuers of Chris Evans and Ed Morrell, the San Joaquin valley bandits, received from Sanger, a small station some distance east of Fresno, says that Evans and Morrell have been located at Demaster's logging camp on Dinkey creek, about four miles from Pine Flat. Officers will surround the cabin and it is expected the question will be soon solved as to whether Evans is to be brought from the hills dead or alive. Parties arriving from the hills are confident the officers have trapped the outlaws, and are freely offering to bet Evans will be brought in within forty-eight hours.

Why Did They "Hustle" Him?

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 5.—It has come to light that during the trouble on the Louisville and Nashville railway, a foreign workingman approached a committee of shopmen which was to have a conference with the railway officers, and displaying two pistols proposed to go along and shoot the officials down. He was hustled out of town at once.

Fire at Worcester, Mass.

WORCESTER, Jan. 5.—Fire broke out in the Taylor building and caused damage to the extent of $300,000.

WILLIS HAS ACTED.

Latest News from the Land of Queen Lili.

Calling Upon the Provisionals to Step Down and Out—Reply Prepared That Is Now on Its Way to This Country—Thurston the Bearer of the Document—A Gotham Paper Unearths a Scheme of John Bull.

VICTORIA, B. C., Jan. 9.—The steamer Warrimoo has arrived here with a dispatch from Honolulu to the Associated Press, dated Jan. 1, which says: Since the sailing of the United States revenue cuttcr Corwin Dec. 24 no advices have left here for the coast. That vessel took press dispatches against the orders of the United States legation, but it is doubtful if all of them are landed, as it is understood a strict watch will be placed on the vessel as soon as she arrives near the harbor. Application was made by the Associated Press and the special correspondent of the New York World for permission to forward dispatches by the Corwin. This was in each case brusquely refused, and dispatches were only put aboard afterwards through the courtesy of those who shall forever be nameless even though the United States should endeavor to investigate the matter.

Willis Meets the Provisionals.

The Corwin brought to Honolulu the instructions Minister Willis had been looking for. Previously, on Nov. 29 and Dec. 18, Dole had written to Wills asking him to state the attitude of the United States to the provisional government on the first date (having by that time heard from Thurston about Gresham's Hawaiian letter) and whether Willis had been negotiating with Liliuokalani on the second date. On Dec. 19 Willis wrote Dole that he would be pleased to meet the provisional government that day and a meeting was had at which Dole and the other provisional officers were present with a stenographer.

Cleveland's Position Presented.

Willis addressed the members of the government stating that secrecy had been maintained in the interests of peace, and then going on to give the position of the Cleveland administration, which was in brief that the provisional government was not established by the Hawaiian people or by their consent, and that the revolution had been accomplished by the encouragement and support if not at the instigation of the United States representative here; that Liliuokalani surrendered under protest, and that the matter had been practically left to the president of the United States, who had refused to further annexation under the circumstances, Willis also presented a written agreement under the signature of Liliuokalani that she would not interfere with any of those engaged in the revolution or with their financial acts, etc.

Makes the Important Demand.

Willis then came to the main point, and said: "It becomes my duty to advise you * * * that you are expected to promptly relinquish to her [Liliuokalani] her constitutional authority. And now, Mr. President and gentlemen of the provisional government, with a deep and solemn sense of the gravity of the situation, and with the earnest hope that your answer will be inspired by that high patriotism which forgets all self-interest, in the name and by the authority of the United States of America, I submit to you the question: Are you willing to abide the decision of the president?"

Reply of the Provisionals.

Dole replied that the provisional government would consider the matter and answer when they were ready, and Willis bid them good-day. The provisional government was ready in time to leave by the Pekin, Jan. 2, but was not given out, although it is known that it is practically a declination to agree to Willis' demand. It will not be made public until it reaches the president of the United States, but if he delays in that matter it will be given out. Thurston will leave here tomorrow [Jan. 2] with the reply.

The situation is this: Royalists still assert that they believe the restoration will be accomplished by Cleveland, and the annexationists as confidently declare that no restoration shall take place. The provisionals also say they will not establish a republic here.

ENGLAND READY TO ANNEX.

A New York Paper Has a Honolulu Sensation.

NEW YORK, Jan. 9.—The Press prints today a story alleged to have been told one Dr. Grossman, a citizen of Honolulu (and by him written to The Press Dec. 14), by an officer on H. M. S. Champion to the effect that the Champion is at Honolulu prepared to land a force as soon as Liliuokalani is reinstated, and declare a British protectorate of the islands. As soon as Liliuokalani is on the throne again, according to this story, she is to ask British protection and it will be given her.

Then, the British ensign is to be hoisted and the thing will be done. The United States will not be in a position to object because, says Grossman, she has just refused to accept a protectorate herself. The queen's British friends have advised her to accept the proposals of Willis so that she could be in a position to claim British protection, it being certain that she could not maintain herself without some strong nation at her back.

Andrew Foy Still at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan. 9.—The report that Andrew Foy—husband of Mrs. Foy, who gave such strong evidence against Dan Coughlin, also implicating her husband in the Cronin murder—had left the city is untrue. Foy is working as masonry inspector in the Sixty-eighth street water tunnel and has no intention of leaving the city.

Schaefer Beats Slosson at Billiards.

CHICAGO, Jan. 9.—The first game of the Chicago end of the 14-inch balk line tournament between Schaefer, Ives and Slosson has been played. Captain Anson, the ball player, was referee and gave entire satisfaction. Schaefer and Slosson were contestants. Totals—Schaefer, 600; Slosson, 206.

Horrible Method of Suicide.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., Jan. 8.—J. T. Sherman, employed in a sawmill at Fordyce, committed suicide during a despondent fit by jumping head foremost into the furnace.

Plummer & Hellis, grocers at Denver, were attached for $21,830.

Robert McClure, of Perrysville, was arrested at Ashland, O., for forging Boyd Kasberger's name as security to a note for $35.

The Woman's Auxiliary to Midwinter fair at San Francisco has requested the first week in May for a woman's congress.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

The 4-year-old daughter of James Turner of Farmington, Ia., was burned to death by having her clothes ignite from a miner's fuse.

Lee Torgest, superintendent of the Iowa Central round house at Albia, Ia., was beaten by tramps and is in a critical condition.

John Levicks quarreled with George Sturgis at Fairfield, Ia. He pursued him with a gun, but fell; the gun was discharged and killed Levicks' 10-year-old son.

Frederick Tescher, 24 years old, was arrested at South Bend, Ind., charged with having given poison to Lilly Loyd, with which she attempted suicide.,

Dr. Orville W. Owen of Detroit has sued the Detroit News-Tribune for $50,000 damages for denouncing his Shakespeare cipher as a fraud.

The home of Mrs. William Lewis of Huntington, Ind., was robbed in the absence of the family of silverware and jewelry valued at $1,000.

Anton Emly, a farmer at Huntington, Ind., assigned. Liabilities, $14,000.

* * *

The agricultural department will issue a report on the yield of leading cereals in the United States.

Ouray, Col., citizens passed resolutions indorsing Governor Waite's extra session of the legislature.

Thieves plundered several cars of merchandise at Hammond, Ind., securing property worth $700.

Max Kessler, a slater, fell from the reformatory building at Pontiac, Ills., and was killed. His relatives all live in Germany.

Robbers entered the establishment of the Burkhart Dental Supply company at Tacoma and stole $81 cash and $2,000 in checks and notes.

Women in Iowa City, Ia., are kept in terror by a "Jack the Hugger," who frequents dark alleys and embraces every woman he meets.

Mrs. S. B. Power, who writes over the signature Shirley Dare, is charged by her son with stealing manuscript from the New York Housewife office.

Terrence Young, a miner, was killed by a fall of slate in the Penwell mine at Pana, Ills.

* * *

An incendiary fire at Briceton, O., near Fort Wayne, Ind., consumed the principal business houses of the place with a loss of $10,000, on which there is but partial insurance. The fire started in a saloon.

T. G. Hemmett, elected county clerk at Omaha by a plurality of 1, will have his place contested by the present incumbent. Frauds are alleged.

The Big Four handled 6,602,309 passengers during 1893.

Another movement has been started at Des Moines, Ia., to raise a John Mahin relief fund. Mahin's house was blown up with dynamite at Muscatine last summer.

Two thousand voters of Texas have sent a petition to congress asking that wool be kept off the free list.

Chairman Cutcheon of the Minnesota Democratic state committee has called a meeting of that body for Jan. 16.

William Smith and Wesley Hankens, aged 16 and 14, were arrested at Wapakoneta, O., while trying to sell a stolen horse.

By the burning of J. S. Billings' stables at Fergus Falls, Minn., three Percheron, one hackney, and one French coach stallion were destroyed. The trotting stallion Essex was saved. The loss is $10,000.

* * *

The cyclorama of Gettysburg at Niagara Falls was destroyed by fire and a Italian lying sick in a shanty nearby was burned to death.

The receipts of one day's wages of work people by the Chicago relief fund for the city destitute amounted at last report to $1,077.

It is stated at New York that George Gould's Christmas gift to his wife was a $600,000 residence.

The headquarters of the Illinois naval reserve hereafter will be the model battleship at Jackson park built as part of the government exhibit at the World's fair.

Commissioner Lochren has notified Judge C. D. Long, of Michigan, that according to evidence on file in the pension office the judge is not entitled to the pension of $72 per month which he has been receiving, and that said pension will be reduced to $50 unless the judge proves his right to the larger sum in thirty days. This will bring the case up in court again.

Mayor Hopkins, of Chicago, has ordered the police to stop all public gambling.

* * *

The official report on the speed on the cruiser Olympia, which had her trial runs off the Pacific coast, gives her an average speed of 21.68 knots per hour, and this wins a premium for her builders of $300,000.

George W. Wanamaker, uncle of ex-Postmaster General Wanamaker, is dead at Philadelphia, where he was employed in one of his nephew's store.

Hat finishers of New York met and protested against the Wilson tariff bill.

Jan. 24 the civil service commissioners at Washington will hold an examination of applicants who would like to be horticultural and entomological editor in the agricultural department. The salary is $1,400.

Mrs. Emma McClure has entered suit at Piqua, O., against Alois Bundel for $5,000 damages for breach of promise. She alleges that three times he has postponed the wedding day and finally refused to marry her.

Hallam Tennyson, the son of the poet, who inherited his father's title, is engaged in editing the poet's correspondence for publication.

* * *

Alonzo Hall was arrested at Huntington, Ind., charged with forgery in a horse trade.

Four farmers of Piqua, O., were fined $25 each for spearing fish in the Miami river. Others are to be arrested.

A general reduction of wages has been made in the hoop works at Converse, Ind. The average reduction is 20 per cent.

Signor Giolitti, an Italian deputy, wants to straighten the national finances of that country by imposing a tax on beards.

J. P. Fuller of Casstown, O., has been arrested charged with embezzling funds from his employer, Josiah Knoop.

H. J. Willis, poundmaster at Live Oak, Fla., was murdered.

Yellow fever has broken out on several merchant vessels in the harbor of Montevideo.

The Favorite Stove and Range works at Piqua, O., will start up this week after a shut down of two weeks.

Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, performs on a violin that is 167 years old.

STATE HAPPENINGS.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF INTEREST TO ILLINOISANS.

A Column of Crimes, Casualties, and Miscellaneous Matters Prepared for Our Own People—News Gathered from All Over the Prairie State.

ELGIN, Jan. 9.—Clark Burr, one of the wealthiest farmers of this vicinity, killed his son Charles with a shotgun in a quarrel growing out of the latter taking music lessons. The young man, who was 17 years of age, was endeavoring to draw a revolver when the father fired. The coroner's jury released him in bonds of $10,000, promptly furnished by his neighbors. The killing was done with an old-fashioned shotgun at close range, the entire charge taking effect in the boy's left eye and killing him instantly. Burr is 51 years old and was born in this vicinity. He owns 200 acres of land and is well known throughout the county. He is overwhelmed with remorse at the result of his fiery and uncurbed temper.

CARRIED OUT THE JOKE,

And by His Foolishness Took the Man's Life.

PEORIA, Ills., Jan. 8.—F. Derby started for the Peoria Paving Brick works near this city to collect some back wages and took along his shotgun in case he should scare up a rabbit. Near the works he met John McGiven, the night engineer, who hailed him with an inquiry as to whom he was going to shoot. Derby fell in with the joke, assured McGiven that he was the man he was gunning for, and pointed the weapon at him to add to the humor. When he pulled the trigger the gun was discharged and McGiven fell dead. Derby insisted that he thought the gun was not loaded, and as the two had been the best of friends the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of accidental shooting.

Fatal Explosion of Dynamite.

LEMONT, Ills., Jan. 5.—There was an explosion of dynamite on Section 10 of the drainage canal of which E. D. Smith & Co. are contractors. The explosion took place in a little house where they heat dynamite. J. L. Miller, foreman, was killed and Engineer Ben Cich was seriously injured, although not fatally. These two were in the engine house about twenty feet from the heating hut. The engine house was completely demolished.

Private Bank Closed.

CANTON, Ills., Jan. 6.—Turner, Phelps & Co., private bankers at Lewistown, have closed their doors. Posted on the bank door is the following notice: "After a conference of the members of our firm announcement will be made as to our future. We are able and expect to pay every dollar we owe. Signed Turner Phelps & Co." No particulars of the failure are known at this time.

Another Freak of the Grip.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Jan. 8.—A strange case has developed in Mount Carroll, where Otto Watson, after recovering from an attack of grip, has found it impossible to go to sleep. He has been in a wide awake condition for two weeks, and as he shows no sign of sleepiness the case is beginning to be one to occasion anxiety.

Blew Open the Safe.

BELLEVILLE, Ills., Jan. 8.—The safe in the office of the Western Brewing company was blown open by dynamite at 2 o'clock in the morning. The robbers secured about $2,000 and escaped. The police believe the work was done by professional cracksmen.

Prairie State's Oldest Woman.

NEWMAN, Ills., Jan. 8.—Mrs. Rebecca Ann Lichner, who lives three miles southeast of this city, is supposed to be the oldest living woman in Illinois, if not in the United States. She was born Dec. 18, 1776, and is now 117 years old. She is of Norwegian descent.

Unmarried Men Laid Off.

MOWEAQUA, Ills., Jan. 8.—On account of the slow demand for coal an order has been issued by the coal mining company here laying off all unmarried coal miners for an indefiniie period, only the men with families being retained.

WHERE ARE THOSE CONRAD BOYS?

A Kentucky Community Needs Their Presence Badly.

HARRODSBURG, Jan. 9.—About fifty Whitecaps went to the home of Josh Mitchell at Leesburg, six miles from here, and dragged him from his house. Mitchell broke away, started for his house, but his body was filled with buckshot and he fell dead on the doorsill. Leaving Mitchell's body they next visited the home of Brock Bottoms and dragged him out and gave him fifty lashes on his back, badly lacerating the flesh.

A rope was placed around his neck, but the entrance of his wife and children aroused a feeling of sympathy in the hearts of his persecutors and they relented. Several others were badly whipped and ordered to leave the country. The Whitecaps have been terrorizing the people of this and adjoining counties for some time.

Wanted to Make Himself Safe.

EAST LIVERPOOL, O., Jan. 9.—Homer Laughlin, one of the largest pottery manufacturers here, has made a proposition to his employes to resume operations if he would be allowed to retain 50 per cent. of their wages pending the settlement of the tariff question. If the tariff affecting his manufactures is untouched he agrees to pay the 50 per cent. retained. The men refused the proposition. Several other firms will make similar propositions to their employes. Only three potteries are running here at present.

Crowbar Through His Body.

SHELDON, Ills., Jan. 9.—Herman Ahler, a section hand on the Big Four railroad, started from Earl Park, Ind., with a handcar west over the section in company with a boy. At Raub station they were overtaken by a freight train and while attempting to take the handcar from the track Ahler was struck by a crowbar that was forced through him at the hips. He was brought to Sheldon, where he died at noon. Ahler lived at Elk Park, where he leaves a wife and seven children.

Mind Unsettled by Business Cares.

MONT CLAIR, N. J., Jan. 8.—Julius Burrow, aged 65 and a well known New York fire insurance broker, committed suicide in the bathroom of his home. Burrow stood in front of a mirror and fired a bullet into his temple. He was an eccentric man and often threatened to kill himself. Anxiety and worry over business matters, it is thought, unsettled his mind.

DIED BY THE ROPE.

Execution at Kansas City of Martin Reed, the Wife Murderer.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 6.—The execution of Martin Reed occurred here. His neck was broken and he was pronounced dead seven minutes after the drop fell. Nothing occurred to delay or interfere with the arrangements made for the hanging. On Sept. 16, 1890, at about noon, Reed returned home from his work, and in a fit of insane jealousy fired three shots at his wife, all of which took effect, resulting in her death soon afterwards. Reed then turned the smoking revolver on himself and fired one shot, the bullet taking effect near the heart. He was taken to jail and for two weeks he was in a dangerous condition but finally recovered. Reed has been twice convicted. He is a gray-haired negro 65 years old, and has been in jail ever since the murder. His wife was young and Reed was jealous of the attentions paid her by other men. He is the first colored man ever legally executed in this (Jackson) county.

Another Wife Murderer Hanged.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 6.—A Post-Dispatch special from Tuscaloosa, Ala., says: Will Farmer was hanged here for the murder of his wife, Sarah, last August by cutting her throat from ear to ear. Farmer was very jealous of attentions shown his wife by other men and numerous quarrels resulted. One day last August he threatened to kill her. She dared him to do it and he responded instantly by cutting her throat.

Hanging in Kentucky.

BARDSTOWN, Jan. 6.—Phil Evans, colored, was hanged here for rape. The drop fell at 12:55 and Evans was dead in nine minutes. He made a confession just before going on the scaffold, admitting his guilt, but said he never would have committed the deed if he had not been drunk.

FOR HIS SECOND TERM.

Major McKinley Inaugurated Governor of the Buckeye State.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 8.—Governor McKinley's inauguration to a second term as the chief executive of Ohio was, as usual, when general local interest is manifested in such affairs, more of a social than political event. Colonel James Kilbourne, a leading business and society man and a possible Democratic nominee some day for congress, was chairman of the committee on reception.

Concerning the inauguration proper the committee of the legislature in charge decided to have the ceremony held in the rotunda of the capitol in case of bad weather instead of at one of the entrances to the building. The weather being clear, the ceremony was held at the west front. Soon after 10 o'clock the governor appeared, and, cheered by the legislative committee, consisting of members of each house, received a cordial welcome from the large audience. Rev. Archibald A. E. Taylor, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian church, invoked divine blessing upon the occasion, after which the governor was sworn into office by Chief Justice Bradbury of the supreme court. The governor then delivered his inaugural address.

The event of special social importance occurred in the evening in the senate chamber, where the governor, in charge of the committee of reception, received the people. The Arion, Lederkranz, Maennerchor singing societies sang as one, and also separate organizations. Neddermyers' orchestra and other music of a high character constituted part of the programme.

Another Battle in Brazil.

LONDON, Jan. 9.—News from Rio de Janeiro says: The insurgents attacked Engenno island, opening fire from the ships. Then they landed 200 men and for half an hour there was sharp fighting. After a light check they captured a Krupp field piece and a 70-pounder Whitworth. The government loss was thirteen killed and five wounded, and five officers and sixty-three men were taken prisoners. The insurgent loss was two killed and five wounded.

Suit Against Investment Companies.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Jan. 8.—Attorney General Walker has filed two quo warranto proceedings before the supreme court to vacate the charters of the Guarantee Bond Investment company of Nevada; the Bettis County Investment company of Sedalia, and the St. Louis Mutual Bond Investment company of St. Louis.

Effect of Music on Penn.

Walter Savage Landor introduces Peterborough in conversation with William Penn and makes him applaud Penn cynically, when the latter declares that there is something in a violin if played directly that appeareth to make hot weather cool and cold weather warm and temperate, not, however, when its cords have young maidens tied invisibly to the end of them, jerking them up and down in a strange fashion before one's eyes, and unless one taketh due caution wafting their hair upon one's face and bosom, and their very breath, too, between one's lips if peradventure one omitteth to shut them bitterly and hold tight.—Musical Courier.

Thousands of Dollars

Mr. S. G. Derry.

I spent trying to find a cure for Salt Rheum, which I had 13 years. Physicians said they never saw so severe a case. My legs, back and arms were covered by the humor. I was unable to lie down in bed, could not walk without crutches, and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged twice a day. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon I could see a change. The flesh became more healthy, the sores soon healed, the scales fell off, I was soon able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I had been taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for seven months; and since that time, 2 years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well." S. G. DERRY, 45 Bradford St., Providence, R. I.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headache. Try them.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address DR. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription	$2.50
Six Months	1.25
Single Copies	05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each.	2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 13, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—The Ivendalls.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Russell's Comedians.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Butterflies."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Frank Daniels.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Love Chase."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Americans Abroad."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"In Old Kentucky."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Dazzler."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE SPREAD OF ANGLICISM IN IRELAND.

The recent letter of our esteemed correspondent, Mr. T. O'Neill Russell, in regard to the lecture of the so-called Irish novelist, Richard Ashe King, is a most important contribution to the modern history of Ireland. When King had the audacity to state that Ireland produced no great geniuses within the last six hundred years, there was not a Nationalist in the lecture hall to protest against such an atrocious falsehood except Mr. Russell. In the first place THE CITIZEN would like to know what authority Mr. King had for this outrageous statement. Mr. King professes to be an Irishman; but he is an Englishman at heart. His Irish novels are puny productions, devoid of all national backbone, and are written to please the intellectual palate and cater to the prejudices of the Saxon. He is no more an Irish novelist than is Justin McCarthy, all of whose lucubrations are the reflex of the tea-talk and gossip that go the round of the tables of Cockneydom. In the second place, Mr. Ashe King is mentally incapacitated from giving a just opinion of the genius of Ireland's sons. He looks on the intellectuality of these men, or rather the alleged lack thereof, through West British spectacles. The mange and rot of West Britaindom taints his pseudo-Irish soul. When he forgets that Irish genius has vindicated its right to immortal renown and glory not only at home but abroad, carving out a niche for itself in the temple of fame on the continent of Europe, as well as under the sheltering folds of the Stars and Stripes, he forgets every instinct of true Irish manhood in thus refusing to render a tribute to the illustrious scions of the Gaelic race. Their memories need no defense, however, from the mere pretence of Mr. King that if they did exist he was quite unconscious of their existence.

The audience with one or two exceptions were just as inveterately West British as himself. It seems to be an undoubted fact that even so called extreme Nationalists are being rapidly anglicised not only in their manners but in their literature. Browning and Tennyson are their idols in the domain of poetry. Conan Doyle, a hybrid Anglo-Irishman who caters to the "glory" of the British army, and Rider Haggard, the fee-faw-fum sensationalist whose pen is dipped in ghastly gore, are the favorite fictionists of the young blood of Ireland. As "X" stated some time ago in the columns of an English magazine—a statement which was reproduced in THE CITIZEN some weeks ago—the youth of Ireland now-a-days ape the English accent, and cut of dress, lilt none but Cockney music-hall songs, and would stare at you with wonder if you dared in return to pour on their ears the words and music of a good old Irish ditty.

These scalawags will never help to make Ireland a nation. They are so many cancers on the Irish body politic. They have no individuality of their own. Whatever individuality they formerly had is merged in that of the Englishman. They have become the tail, so to speak, of John Bull looking up to him as a parasite does to a king and striving to imitate him in his blustering and swaggering ways. Thus is Ireland becoming more and more anglicised. Even the very sons on whom she places the utmost confidence are those who are now becoming more Anglo-Saxon than the Anglo-Saxons themselves. Is this the effect of the Union of Hearts programme which has been preached for some years past by "Loyal Mike" and his colleagues on English platforms? Or is it the slow but sure decay of the innate virility and independence of the Celt, caused by ages of bondage? THE CITIZEN believes that it owes its origin to both these causes combined. It is a disagreeable task to answer these questions in the affirmative; but the truth must out, though the heavens may fall!

DAVITT DEFENDS THE FENIANS.

Michael Davitt, whatever his peculiarities as a politician, deserves credit, as a man, for standing up for the honesty and patriotism of the late John O'Mahony, and the living James Stephens, in connection with the Fenian movement. Replying, in the London *Speaker*, to an article, signed "X," which recently appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Davitt says:

"The *Fortnightly* writer might have scolded (said Mr. Davitt) and ridiculed the 'Rhetoricians' who are not on 'the democratic and progressive side of the Irish party' (whoever these may be) without wilfully maligning the leaders of the Fenian organization of a quarter of a century ago, some of whom are dead and unable to defend their actions and motives from mean and mendacious assault. Speaking of the Fenian movement the writer says: 'It was only when the auditor overhauled the accounts of Messrs. Stephens and O'Mahony's skirmishing funds that the humor was laid bare. The leaders made money in one way; their lieutenants had profited one another by marketing secrets to the Home Office.' A more atrocious calumny could scarcely be fabricated. It is only too painfully on record that Col. John O'Mahony died in absolute poverty in New York, without a dollar in his possession to defray the expenses of his funeral. Probably no man ever lived who cared less for money than the poetic and chivalrous soldier whose whole life and record are a living testimony to his unselfishness in the cause of Irish independence. Mr. James Stephens is equally libeled by 'X.' His career, as is well and widely known, has been one of the hard struggles with the misfortune which always appears to dog the footsteps of those who suffer and sacrifice most for Ireland. At the present time the old Fenian chief is actually dependent upon the provision of kind friends for even the shelter of a cottage home in his native land. This is but a sample of the vindictive mendacity of the *Fortnightly* contributor's diatribes against past and present representatives of the Irish National movement."

The vilification of O'Mahony and Stephens, in London, is quite in line with the vilification of Theobald Wolfe Tone in Dublin. The object of both "X" and Ghoul Dennehy is to turn the minds of the young men of Ireland from revolution and revolutionists, and to make them believe that there is no salvation for their country outside of the Whigs and Whiggery. Almost all the Irish revolutionists of '98, '48 and '67 died in poverty. They received no bribes from England. John Sadlier and William Keogh were "moral force" agitators. Sadlier robbed half of Munster with his banking schemes, and then, like Judas, killed himself. William Keogh sold his country, took a judgeship, hanged his countrymen, on perjured evidence, without remorse, went mad, and, finally, cut his miserable throat—the only commendable act he performed since he sold himself body and soul to the English governmental devil. Truly the history of the Irish "moral force" movement—we have given only a few examples of its effects—is not one to contrast favorably with that of the Irish revolutionists.

THE COCKPIT OF EUROPE.

Belgium has been very properly called "the cockpit of Europe." Many international wars, with which that country had no more to do than Ireland had, took place on her soil, and devastated her plains. The troops of the Kings of France in the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth centuries made Belgium their battlefield against the Spaniards, who were then masters of the Lowlands, and the Germans, who were nearly always at loggerheads with the Gauls. The wars of the French Directorate, the Consulate and the Empire were partly fought on Belgian ground. It was under the smoky skies of Belgium that Napoleon I. met his political and dynastic doom. That country had a very narrow escape in 1870 from being the camping ground of the French and German armies. Only for the venerable old Emperor, who was in some respects a just man, Prince Frederick Charles' army would have crossed its frontier, and made rapid inroads on the extreme northeastern corner of France, while the corps of the Crown Prince were crossing the Rhine and besieging Metz and Strasbourg.

It is not so certain that the present Kaiser will be so squeamish about observing the international neutrality laws as was his martial grandfather. He has been so much accustomed to play the part of absolute autocrat that he has ceased to believe in the law of his own Reichstag—thus proving that he fancies all law to be centered in his own person—even outside the confines of the Fatherland. At present William II. has established an immense manœuvering camp at Malmedy on the Belgian frontier. This is a portentous event, and will be more than ever looked on as such in the coming spring when the public will be treated, as usual, to contemplated wars, or rumors of wars. The advantage of this camp whose sheltering capacity suffices for three *corps d'armee* is that at the possible outbreak of hostilities between France and Germany the Emperor of the latter nation could at a moment's notice avail himself of the railroad leading from Malmedy through Belgium for a descent on the Belgian frontier of France. France, who is a watchful guardian of her own interests, will, it is anticipated, reply to Germany by establishing a similar camp on the Franco-Belgian frontier in the immediate vicinity of the Flemish city of Namur. Thus situated, Belgium would be like a young and tender rose between two brawny thistles—a position which might endanger her independence, and which, under any circumstances, is a decidedly uncomfortable one for her to be in.

The Belgians are a brave little nation, but they could not hope to cope with the big battalions of two of the greatest military powers in Europe. True enough, by an agreement with England, after the Dutch were driven from Belgium in 1830, the former country pledged her word that she would safeguard the neutrality of King Leopold's kingdom if an attempt were made to interfere with it. But no one has any faith now-a-days in the promises of England. Her marauding path over that large portion of the universe on which, as the phrase goes, "the sun never sets," is paved with broken treaties. When, if ever, the neutrality of Belgium is violated by either Teuton or Gaul, England will conveniently forget her promises, and abandon that country to its fate.

Belgium in such a crisis would deserve the hearty sympathy of all humanity. With the aid of the French she secured her independence from the Dutch yoke sixty-three years ago. Alone, she has retained that independence intact down to the present day. It may interest our Irish readers to know that when, a year or two after the Belgian declaration of independence had been promulgated, Holland sought to pick a fresh quarrel with Belgium in order to re-open hostilities, an Irishman named Tom Steele, who was afterwards O'Connell's "Head Pacificator of all Ireland," proceeded to Brussels, where he offered the King 10,000 Irish volunteers if ever he should need soldiers to whip Holland. Holland was so scared by Steele's threat that she drew in her horns, and became as mute as a clam.

"IN FASHIONABLE CIRCLES."

In Fashionable Circles, the Lady's Magazine, an illustrated high class family publication, devoted to women, fashion, society, art, literature and fiction, published monthly by the London Art Company, has issued its January number, which is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." The chief editor is Charles Trelawny; the associate editor, Charles Ffrench—of the Galway Ffrenches—and the society editress, Mrs. Frances De Freyne. Mr. Ffrench has charge of the magazine in this city, and its splendid array of advertising, etc., shows that it has been committed to good hands.

"IMPULSIVENESS" AND ITS BEARING ON IRELAND'S FATE.

[*Communicated.*]

Of all the men who walk the earth the hardest to deal with is "the impulsive man." The "impulsive man" is your friend today and your deadly foe tomorrow. He never knows his own mind for an hour at a time. He is irrational, unreflecting, unreasonable. He is always hunting trouble. He is generally using his mental microscope to discover causes of slight and insult. No man satisfies him. No cause satisfies him. Nothing suits him. His temperament is forever bobbing up and down. He is prepared to listen to every story, to credit every slander, to be swayed by every wind, good or bad, that blows. Such a man is a curse to himself, to his family, to his associates. If he does a good turn, he regrets it immediately. If he does a bad turn he also regrets it—he is "so impulsive." He is forever in an agony of apology or sulk. His "impulsiveness" is always leading him into errors, which frequently demand reparation. If the "impulsive man" happens to be a gentleman, he apologizes. If he happens to be a boor, he sulks. Either way, he is unhappy. Everybody says of him, "Oh, Blank is a very good fellow, in his way, but you can't rely upon him five minutes at a time, he is 'so impulsive.'"

Now, it is often said that we Irish, as a race, are "impulsive." Are we more so than other people? Perhaps we are—our chief rivals being the Latin nations. Yet, why should we be "impulsive?" The Scotch are Celts, and they are not impulsive. The Welsh are Celts and they are not impulsive—at least not to the extent that we are said to be. Is there not a certain irascibility in the genuine Irish temperament that is not found in such a degree in any other? The average Irishman is kindly, hospitable and, to a certain degree, phenomenally good-humored, but, I ask it, as one of the race, is not the average Irishman the easiest offended human being on the earth? A look, a tone, a movement, not intended to offend, is often taken by us as cause of offense. Every Irishman, on this account, has suffered more or less at the hands of his own countrymen. We can trace to our prideful irascibility most of our great misfortunes as a nation. In olden days our kings and chiefs quarreled over affairs of local concern. They could not be brought together. They would not make the first advances. They nursed their pride and maintained their factions, and the foreigner, more cruel, and more calculating, came, saw and conquered.

So it is today. In Ireland, our national irascibility, which is a mischevious "impulse," is keeping forces divided that ought to unite. "Impulsiveness" made and unmade Parnell. "Impulsiveness" sent him to his early grave. "Impulsiveness" organized the two original factions of the Irish party, and "impulsiveness" has now split the McCarthy section thereof into two or three pitiful fragments. "Impulsiveness," unchecked, unharnessed, has been our national curse; kept under proper discipline, as Parnell kept it, "impulsiveness" might have made our chiefest glory.

The French are as impulsive as we are—the Celt built upon the Roman—but they have better discipline. They are magnificent en masse always, as the Irish are, sometimes. But the French have taught us lessons that, it is to be feared, we will be slow in learning. "Impulsiveness" led them to capture the Bastile, in the teeth of De Launy's cannon. It led them to sack the Tulleries and commit murder by the wholesale. They threw, in derison, at banded Europe the heads of a king and queen. They met, with their ragged revolutionary battalions, all Europe in the field and whipped all Europe, from 1792 to 1814. Their history since then has been a history of "impulse" tempered by discipline. With the French, faction is great but France is greater. With us, Irish, Ireland is great but faction is greater. Hence the difference. We can never, as a race, triumph—the Irish idea can never conquer—until we bridle our impulsiveness, conquer our irascibility and think more of our cause than of our personal quarrels. G. T.

THE BURNED PERISTYLE.

Those who mourn the burned peristyle ought to be consoled by the knowledge that it was destroyed utterly before its wondrous architectural beauty, which was, after all, only skin deep, could be marred by the effacing fingers of time. It was not built of material that could last beyond a few years at the utmost. This is also true of most of the other World's Fair structures. The great art gallery alone is supposed to have some of the qualities of reasonable permanency. It is enough that the superb, if ephemeral, structures of the Columbian Exposition served their great purpose and reflected enduring glory on American architectural genius. They gave us a realistic picture of what Athens and Rome were in the days of their greatest splendor. The work of demolition should not be deferred too long. The traveler can still gaze with wondor, and admiration, on the ruins of the Acropolis, which have survived "Goth and Turk and Time," but marble is quite a different material from staff, and the moldering ruins of even the Administration building fifty years from now would not be a sight calculated to excite the nobler emotions of the amateur archæologist

QUEEN VICTORIA'S New Year's gifts to her favorite subjects don't cost that stingy and parsimonious dame a single cent. Knighthoods and baronetcies are the presents in the disposal of which she is most generous. These paltry badges of honor add a score or so of flunkeys to the big battalion of wallowing slaves who take exquisite pleasure in kneeling at her elongated feet.

THE Coughlin-Cronin murder trial developed little of great interest during the week. A Mr. Bardeen, who took four years to refresh his memory, swore that he saw Coughlin, by the aid of a flash light, on the early morning of May 5, walking beside a wagon containing a trunk. He further said that he looked at his watch before daylight that morning by the light of the moon. An almanac was produced by Judge Wing, which showed that the moon had set before midnight. Mr. Bardeen, although a Christian Scientist, could not explain the discrepency, and was finally compelled to admit that he might have been mistaken about the moon. Coughlin, it is now stated, will take the witness stand in his own behalf.

THE third annual meeting of the British South Africa (Highway Rsbbery) Company was recently held in London under the presidency of the Duke of Abercorn. The duke said they were experiencing great anxiety respecting the safety of the advance patrol of Major Forbes' column in Matabeleland. A man is legally entitled to shoot dead a burglar who enters his premises with felonious or murderous intent. Even English law admits this right. But when the Matabeles put to death an officer or two whose sole object is that of depriving them of their lands and gold, the virtuous and godly British nation stands aghast at such "murders!" The English officers who were killed recently in South Africa richly deserved their fate. They were so many highway robbers whose suppression was very properly decided upon by the patriotic natives. Good luck to the Matabeles! At the same meeting it was announced that all the necessary steps had been taken subject to the approval of her "majesty's" government for the preservation of law and order in South Africa! English law and order stink in Irish nostrils—they are so nauseously familiar to the ears of Irishmen. Law and order paraphrased from English mean in the eyes of John Bull massacres and burnings carried out wholesale in the dominions of subject races. The Duke of Fife, Vic's grandson-in-law, prophesied at the same gathering that if the "development" of Matabeleland continues, it would provide much wealth for the company. All the "dook" sees in the speculation is swag. He would be in ecstasies tomorrow if all the Matabeles were butchered—provided that the shares of his company were a hundred degrees above par! Fife is as miserly as his grandmother-in-law.

AN article entitled "Catholic Chicago," by Eugene Davis, will appear in the February number of *Donahoe's Magazine*. It will contain the biographies of the leading Catholics of this city, and will be profusely illustrated.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S new Irish novel will be published in a few weeks. It is said that the heroine of the book is Grace O'Malley, the sea-queen of Connacht, who so often made daring raids on the coast of the English Pale in her galleys during the reign of Queen Bess. Grace is one of the most picturesque figures in Irish history.

OUR American doctors in medicine "are not in it" with their English colleagues—so far as money making is concerned. Sir Andrew Clarke, the late physician of Mr. Gladstone, has left behind him in personality alone the sum of a million and odd dollars. This is not, however, by any means the high-water mark of the bank accounts of English medical practitioners. Sir William Gull died worth $1,500,000. It is a curious fact that both these "Sirs" started in life without a penny.

THE Prince of Wales has recently lost a large sum of money in gambling. Hal will make a model occupant of the British throne, if ever he gets there.

IT is announced that the House of Commons will be requested by Mr. Gladstone in the fall of the present year to pass a resolution indorsing the Home Rule bill. This is evidently a sop to the Irish Cerberus.

JURY-PACKING is as rampant in Ireland under the regime of "honest" John Morley, as it was under that of "Bloody" Balfour. Morley's henchmen—the official lawyers acting in his name—order Catholics to stand aside at the various assize courts throughout the country. A week or two ago no less than forty-one Catholic jurors were refused admittance to the jury box, while the services of Protestants were accepted instead. These Whig hypocrites are becoming quite as bad as the Tories in their coercion of Ireland. Professing friendship with their lips they have still in the depths of their bilious souls the bitter Anglo-Saxon hate of everything Irish. Ireland should not trust the Saxon snake—be its scales either Whig or Tory.

THE Hawaiian question has seriously interfered with Grover's digestion. His recent duck-shooting expeditions have been undertaken by the express order of his medical adviser. The President has had a surfeit of these South Sea Islands. He has forbidden all the members of his official household to refer to Hawaii in his presence.

THE British Labor Commission, appointed by parliament some years ago, has at last delivered itself of a report. The mountain that was in labor for such a long period has only given birth to a mouse. The workingmen are disgusted with the entire document. All parliamentary commissions are frauds.

AN ultra-patriotic Parisian chemist, who is, we suppose, insane, has offered to attend anarchist meetings provided with a supply of grenades charged with carbonate of arsenic. With these he proposes to suffocate all who are present, at the same time taking extra precautions for his own safety. This chemist evidently would have, in the words of Holy Writ, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.

"New Incorporations."

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Jan. 4.—Under this heading in the *Tribune* of Dec. 30, I find the following item: American Orange Knights of Chicago, capital, I presume, Knownothingism, ignorance, bigotry, intolerance, impudence and anti-Catholicism; for the protection of the common school system and other American institutions; to perpetuate (God bless the mark) civil and religious liberty, and to prevent the union of church and state; incorporators, Ben Phillips Reynolds, Isham D. Fuller and William J. Cooke. I sincerely hope you will look into the character and standing of these Orange Knights, and see if they are of native growth, and if so, how do they come to be Orange? I thought Washington and his brave followers forever crushed out Orangeism and foreignism at Yorktown, Valley Forge, Stonington and Bunker Hill. I may have been mistaken. Who is Isham? Who is Reynolds? Were they afraid or ashamed to give their proper names? The latter, I hope, for Orangeism is un-American, and consequently un-Christian. M.M.

IRELAND GETS LEFT.

[*To the Editor.*]

Under the surface, there is a great and growing dissatisfaction with the Liberal government in Ireland. It is not regarding Home Rule. Every one knows that the Gladstonian measure has had its innings, and that it would be worse than useless to re-introduce it until just before the next dissolution of Parliament. There are suggestions made that the Irish should be allowed to hold a Constituents Assembly and there, among themselves, frame a bill to suit them. The Assembly to consist of all the 103 members of the House of Commons. This is Mr. Stead's suggestion. It is a good one if it had come three years ago. But now the party and the Irish people are committed to Mr. Gladstone's bill, and none other should be presented a second time to Parliament. It should not be altered by an iota, even although it might manifestly be improved. To change it in the least would be very bad tactics.

But what the Irish people have to complain of is that their country has derived no practical benefit from the change of administration. Evictions still go on—in fact the policy of the Tories is to increase them, to embarrass Mr. Morley. In England and Scotland we find a County Councils act passed, but Ireland excluded from its benefits. The Parish Councils bill also does not apply to Ireland. These measures would be of real and lasting value, but the 72 McCarthyite members did not insist on applying them to Ireland. It looks as if Ireland were to be fed or fooled with magnificent wind-bags labeled "Home Rule," which never became acts of Parliament, while the other portions of the United Kingdom are regaled with less showy but more substantial reforms. I do not blame Gladstone for this so much as the Irish Parliamentarians. They should be called to account for it by their constituents.

Then it was perfectly within the power of the present ministry to alter the complexion of the Irish magistry, so as to fairly represent the Nationalist and Orange parties. But nothing has been done to deprive the latter of undue predominance on the bench. It is said that Morley is hampered by the permanent officials in the Castle. But this is all nonsense. In no other department of the government are permanent officials allowed to hamper their chiefs.

It is perfectly legal for Morley to refuse the aid of the constabulary to carry out an eviction, until it has been attempted without show of force. If the attempt fails, it is then competent for the government to investigate the case before granting the necessary force. An investigation of each case of eviction would very soon reduce these outrages within very narrow limits. W.

SOME GOOD TARIFF IDEAS.

[*To the Editor.*]

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 10.—The United States is the best market in the world, not only for labor, but for merchandise and farm products. The value of the annual product of the farm is about $3,000,000,000 per year, and nearly all of it is consumed at home, the amount going abroad being only a small portion of the whole. Only 4 per cent of the corn raised in the United States goes abroad, and not over 8 per cent of the wheat; the balance is consumed by our home workmen.

Yet for this small portion that we sell abroad, the Free Traders think we should be under everlasting obligations to the foreigners;—for buying that which they must have, in order to keep from starving. These same Free Traders stand ready to sacrifice all our home manufacturing with the hope of increasing, by a very small per cent, the sale abroad of our corn and wheat, overlooking the fact that the United States is the big consumer, that nine-tenths of all we raise is consumed at home. They also ignore the fact that it is the buyers of this nine-tenths that regulate the prices. If the big customer stops buying his usual amount of food products of the country, owing to the lack of means and work to get means, then prices must go down. And the result today of closed mills, and depression in all industries, is that wheat is worth 40 to 50 cents per bushel, and corn 20 to 25 cents according as it is convenient to market.

Speaking of the second free trade period in the history of the United States, from 1816 to 1824, when Great Britain poured her fabrics into our market in an overwhelming torrent and far below cost, in order to crush out American industries, Horace Greeley said:

"At the close of the second war with England, peace found this country dotted with furnaces and factories which had sprung up under the precarious shelter of embargo and war. These, not yet firmly established, found themselves suddenly exposed to a relentless and determined foreign competition. Great Britain poured her fabrics, far below cost, upon our markets in a perfect deluge. Our manufactures went down like grass before the mower, and our agriculture and the wages of labor speedily followed. Financial prostration was general, and the presence of debt was universal. In New England fully one-fourth of the property went through the sheriff's mill, and the prostration was scarcely less general elsewhere. In Kentucky the presence of debt was simply intolerable. In New York the leading merchants, in 1817, united in a memorial to Congress to save our commerce and our manufanufactures from utter ruin, by increasing the tariff duties."

Even foreign wines that are luxuries, that can by used only by the wealthy classes, the McKinley bill increased the duty on this class of goods, yet there was imported last year no less than $10,-203,353 worth of wine. And now the Wilson bill proposes to reduce the duty. The importers and agents of foreign manufacturers are accustomed to drinking wines and they must have them cheap. This administration being thoroughly under the control of the New York importers, the foreign money power, and foreign manufacturers must give these gentlemen better wine as well as better facilities for breaking down our home industries. A CITIZEN.

DILLON ON LAND.

The Irish Leader Gives His Views Relative to Relief for the "Congested Districts" to the London "Times."

A Very Lucid Statement of the Case, With Practical Suggestions as to Future Policy.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Dec. 16.—*To the Editor of the London Times, Sir:* In yesterday's *Timis* there are published two pronouncements from leading Unionist politicians which I am tempted to comment on because they so curiously confirm and illustrate what I said, the other day, in Manchester, in reference to the Congested Districts Board in the West of Ireland.

Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at Braintree, and referring to the late government, said: "They dealt with the vexed problem of the distress in the congested districts of Ireland, with no government had had the courage to face, and they dealt with it with such success that, throughout the whole of the West of Ireland, the nome of Balfour is blessed at the present moment as no other statesman's name has ever been blessed before."

What strange people these Irish are! Here we have it, on the unimpeachable authority of Mr. Chamberlain, that throughout the West of Ireland Mr. Balfour's name is "blessed at the present moment as no other statesmen's name has ever been blessed before";—and this on account of his "policy." And yet, when the election came, all these districts seized the opportunity to vote solidly for driving Mr. Balfour out of power!

The Englishmen who listened to Mr. Chamberlain's speech might fairly have concluded (as many of them did, I am sure), that this great problem, which had baffled successive English statesmen, had been finally solved by Mr. Balfour's genius, and that the West of Ireland, for the future, would be prosperous and peaceful.

But, unhappily for Mr. Chamberlain, in the very same copy of the *Times* which contained the report of his speech, a most interesting statement on the condition of the DeFreyne estate was published by Mr. T. W. Russell. I wish to place before your readers a rather long extract from that statement, as the admissions that are made in it—coming as they do from one of the bitterest enemies of the National movement—are extremely remarkable and valuable:

"It is, however, when the second part of the question is reached that the real difficulty of the situation arises. The condition of the DeFreyne and similar estates in the West of Ireland is simply appalling. In saying this, I am saying nothing to Lord DeFreyne's personal discredit. He succeeded to the inheritance. He resides upon his property; and even the richest, the ablest, and the strongest man might well recoil from the task of righting the wrongs of circumstances and of accumulated years. In the first place, the estate is part of a large congested district. It is also the centre of a great migratory labor area. Annually, all, or nearly all, the able-bodied population cross over to England for harvest and other labor. Driving on to the property from Castlerea, and far as human eye can reach, it seemed one vast sweep of bog — with cabins planted thick as corn stacks in a crowded farm-yard. The land is mainly cut-away bog—every acre of it cut and reclaimed by the labor and sweat of the tenant. Even were this land of the best quality, and were it held rent free, the 2,000 tenants on the estate could not live. By wages earned 'abroad,' as England is curiously called in these parts, a precarious existence is eked out. In a good year, as this undoubtedly has been, rents are fairly well paid. In bad years—and in that western area they are the rule—instalments only are paid; arrears consequently accumulate, and in due time they become a hopeless mountain of debt. Evictions then take place. Scenes such as those which Englishmen now are painfully familiar with invitably follow. It is a miserable condition of affairs. Will the day ever come when a government shall be found willing to look stern facts in the face, and, instead of passing on, stay and deal with them? But the facts on the DeFreyne estate are in one important respect very peculiar. Here are people calling out that they are rack-rented, and I honestly believe the rents are high. And yet out of 2,000 tenants not more than 700 or 800 have gone into the land court. Were the land I drove over situated in Ulster, not an acre of it would bring over 7s 6d. I should say that much of it is let at double this figure. Of course, where full rents are rarly if ever paid, and where abatements of 30 or 40 per cent are common, this may be held to be a trifling matter. But it is not trifling."

This description would apply to by far the greater part of the congested districts of the West, with this reserve—that the DeFreyne estate is considerably above the average.

Let me summarize the most salient points brought out in this most striking picture:

First, "nearly every acre of the land was reclaimed by the labor and sweat of the tenant."

Second, "even if this land were all of the best quality, and were it rent free, the two thousand tenants on the estate could not live."

Third, "'in bad years'—and in the western area they are the rule—installments only are paid; arrears consequently accumulate, and in due time they become a hopeless mountain of debt. Evictions then take place."

Has there ever been drawn, by the most extreme, of the Irish agrarian agitators, a more appalling picture of the condition of the people of these Western estates? Was I not justified when I stated that the "nominal" rents of these Western estates could not be accepted as any true measure of she real value of the andlord's interest—that to spend public funds upod the improvement of the people subject to such a ruinous system of impossible rents and irregular payments would be a gross misapplication of money; and that the only result such a course could have would be to somewhat increase the net annual receipts of the landlords of the congested districts?

"Will the day ever come," says Mr. Russell, "when a government shall be found willing to look stern facts in the face; and, instead of passing on, stay and deal with them?"

Rather hard, this upon Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. I should be inclined to reply to Mr. Russell, the day will come when a home rule bill is passed. But, meanwhile, with your kind permission, I shall state as briefly as possible what would appear to me to be the only rational method of approaching this tremendous problem:

First, the constitution of a board, so formed as to secure the confidence of the people living in the districts to be dealt with.

Secondly, the appointment of at least two paid commissioners who could give continuous attention to the work; and a reasonable staff of surveyors.

Thirdly, an income of at least £100,000 a year fur about twenty-five years.

Fourthly, power conferred upon the board to purchase, compulsorily, from the landlords their interest in all farms situated in the conjested districts area, and valued to the poor at under £10 a year—the price of the landlord's interest to be estimated by an impartial tribunal. But, I would be willing, for the sake of avoiding bitterness, to give them a fair number of years' purchase—say ten years—of what they can prove to have been their average net annual receipts for the last ten years. I think ony one who reads Mr. Russell's statement, above quoted, will admit that these terms would be more generous than just.

Fifthly, power to keep a system of registry of title, quite apart from and far simpler than that generally in use for real estate, so that small holders could dispose of their holdings without the intervention of attorneys, in the same fashion as Ulster tenants now sell their tenant right.

Sixthly, power to the board to purchase compulsorily grass and waste lands for the purpose of enlarging the holdings of small tenants or of migrating small tenants to new holdings.

This work would be simply undoing the horrible clearances bv which a good deal of this congestion was created. The total population of the congested districts is 550,000—say one hundred thousand families—the poor-law valuation being £556,000 a year. This would give a rental, probably, of about £600,000 a year, or an average of £5 a family. (This figure appears to be too high; but I take my figures from the report of the Congested Districts Board). The net annual receipts of the landords, calculated as indicated above, would, on a rental of £500,000 be less than £330,000 a year. Three millions and a half would purchase this at ten years' purchase, giving to the landlords a good deal more than their property is really worth. The interest payable to the government on three and a half millions would be £140,000.

By this operation the congested districts would be placed in a position to reduce by 50 per cent the nominal rentals of the tenants under their jurisdiction, while retaining the margin between £140,000 due by them to the government and £250,000, being half the nominal rental of the districts, to meet bad debts, the balance to go towards making up the income of the board. The money for this purpose has been already provided by parliament under the Purchase Act of 1891; and I may say in this connection that, unless some such scheme as I have suggested is put in force, the thirty millions provided by parliament by that act for Irish land purchase will be all absorbed without bringing any benefit or relief to the very class of tenants who most require relief, and whose necessities parliament was most anxious to deal with. For, as the purchase system is at present administered in Ireland, the small western tenants are practically excluded from its operation.

Seventhly, the board, when reducing the rents of the small holders, and thereby conferring a great benefit on them, should be empowered to affix certain conditions to the holding—(*a*) no subletting or subdivision; (*b*) no mortgaging. And I can see no reason why the American homestead principle should not be introduced, namely, that the house and implements of these small farmers should not be seized for any debt contracted after due notice of this provision.

Eighthly, the board should also have power, with the consent of the people, to divide into separate holdings all joint holdings and holdings held in rundale, which are pretty numerous throughout these western districts, and are frequently nests of poverty.

With reference to the collection of the payments due to the board, I see no difficulty and very little risk. They could easily be collected by the poor-law collectors, and in view of the very great benefit which the operations of the board would confer upon the western unions, in which the congested districts lay, it would be no injustice to make these unions responsible to the government for any default in payment by the tenants under the board. If this were done the risk of bad debts would be reduced to the minimum. The other subjects mentioned in the programme of the present Congested Districts Board, such as forestry, sale of seed potatoes, weaving and spinning, are excellent in their way, but are all of the most trifling importance, with the exception of the fisheries, when compared with a really practical scheme of placing the population in sound economical conditions, providing them with sufficient land—the one material of industry which they really understand—to make a decent subsistence, and thereby rescuing this great mass of population from the festering and degrading poverty in which they have been so long condemned to live. For my part, I know of no greater matter of indictment against the Unionist government of Ireland than the history this very problem affords. During good years, when the people are able to feed themselves and pay their rents, nothing is done. When famine comes, as it has done with fearful regularity, quantities of public money are hastily and recklessly spent in a fashion that leaves no permanent good behind it; but does leave a vast deal of demoralization and evil. Had one-fourth of the money which has been expended during famines in the west of Ireland, for the last fifty years, been continuously expended on a rational system such as I have ventured to detail in this letter, the people of the west would, I am convinced, be today self-supporting, prosperous and contented, instead of presenting, as they still do, in spite of Mr. Balfour's genius and Mr. Chamberlain's bragging, a most terrible problem to any statesman who is placed to rule over them. Yours, etc.

JOHN DILLON.

INDORSED IN IRELAND.

[*From the Waterford News.*]

THE CITIZEN (of Chicago) is a paper which Irishmen cannot fail to read with the greatest pleasure and profit. It breathes nationality in its every line. The copy to hand commences its leading article thus: "The miserable double dealing Whigs, of the Gladstone cabinet, are showing their teeth in Ireland with a vigor that reminds us of 'the resources of civilization' epoch, and the very worst days of Balfour's reign at 'the Castle.' The right of public assembly in Ireland is practically prohibited and Mr. Morley, yielding to the 'vigorous' Mr. Asquith's representations, is stultifying himself in his capacity of 'home rule' Irish secretary." THE CITIZEN in its last article says: "If it were not for the manly attitude of Mr. Redmond, his parliamentary associates and their friends, no visible national spirit would be left in Ireland."

An Irishman named Michael H. Barry, writing to one of the foremost American papers, says: "An Englishman is an Englishman even in a bottle, and if Ireland ever gets anything from England it will be through fear of Ireland, and not by bowing and scraping, as the McCarthy faction is doing now. I have but one life to risk, and there is no cause I would sooner risk it for than for liberating Ireland, even if I perished in the attempt. The idea of leaving the freedom of Ireland in the hands of a lot of men who sold and killed the man that brought liberty in sight of her gates, for an Englishman! Oh, ye gods! What a sight to behold! Ireland ought to call on every one of the McCarthy traitors to resign." We are not inclined to find fault with anything Mr. Barry says.

THE "TEA PARTY."

Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Once on a time, old Johnny Bull
Flew in a raging fury,
And swore that Jonathan should have
No trial, sir, by jury!
That no elections should be held
Across the briny waters;
"And now," said he, "I'll tax the tea
And all his sons and daughters!"

Then down he sate, in burly state,
And blustered like a grandee;
And in derision made a tune
Called "Yankee Doodle Dandy!"
"Yankee Doodle, these are facts;
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
My son of wax, your tea I'll tax,
You Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

John sent the tea, from o'er the sea,
With heavy duties rated;
But whether Hyson or Bohea,
I never heard it stated.
Then Jonathan to pout began—
He laid a strong embargo—
"I'll drink no tea, by Jove!" said he,
And he threw overboard the cargo!

Then Johnny sent a regiment,
Big words and looks to bandy;
Whose martial band, when near the land
Play'd "Yankee Doodle Dandy!"
"Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.
I'll poison with a tax your cup,
You Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

A song war then they had, in which
John was at last defeated;
And "Yankee Doodle" was the march
To which the troops retreated.
Glad Jonathan, to see them fly,
Could not restrain his laughter:
"That tune," said he, "suits to a T—
I'll sing it ever after."

Old Johnny's face, to his disgrace,
Was flushed with beer and brandy;
E'en while he swore to sing no more
That "Yankee Doodle Dandy!"
Yankee Doodle, ho! ha! he!
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
We kept the tune, but not the tea,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

DIED.

On Jan. 4, at No. 3562 Grand Boulevard, this city, Kenyon (born Dec. 11), infant son of John F. and Sadie I. Finerty. The funeral, which was private, occurred on Saturday. The interment was in the family lot at Calvary cemetery.

FOR THE POOR.

Appeal to All Citizens by the Central Relief Association.

TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO: The finance committee of the Central Relief Association urgently request of every man and woman and boy and girl of suitable age in Chicago that they contribute one day's earnings or income to the relief of the destitute in this emergency. The Central Relief Association exists in order: 1. To raise the funds necessary to cope with the present deep-seated distress and ascertain the extent and nature of this distress as early a practicable, relieving well authenticated cases whenever possible through approved existing agencies. 2. To inaugrate systematic co-operation among all churches, charitable societies, agencies and individuals, so far as the same are willing to join hands in this important work, thereby preventing waste, duplication and imposition in dispensing charitable funds. 3. To educate the public in charitable methods that are the most truly helpful and elevating instead of pauperizing to the recipients. To unite economy with efficiency in the great work of relieving distress among the worthy poor.

We make this special call upon all the people because the fund needed can only be raised if the people respond as they have done before when called upon. This work is for all the destitute, irrespective of race, color or religion. It is your work as much as ours. We feel confident that if the people of our city clearly understand the situation they will freely contribute. Not since the Chicago fire have our citizens been called upon to face so serious a problem. Help can come from no other city. "We must work out our own salvation." We are endeavoring to organize thoroughly the different trades and professions to assist in raising funds, and you can be assured that none of these funds will be wasted. Contributions can be made through the various business men's organizations or sent by check direct to Lyman J. Gage, treasurer. All contributions will be duly receipted for, besides being acknowledged in the daily papers. If the people in our city can face the situation with wisdom and prompt action we will not only relieve the destitute but will save our city from disgrace that will certainly come if deserving men and women are left to missry and want. Will you not respond to this call? Give one day's income and thus bear one another's burdens.

IRISH NEWS.

The Rev. Dr. Brown, Maynooth College, will, it is believed, be elected to the bishopric of Cloyne, in room of the late Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy.

A woman named Rose Linzie, 80 years of age, Castletown road, near Dundalk, was found dead in her bed at the house of Mrs. Matthews, on the 22d ult. She had been in the habit of smoking while in bed, and it is thought she fell asleep and the bed became ignited. The people of the house, alarmed by her not arising as usual, burst open the door and found the bed smouldering and partially consumed, and the old lady lifeless.

In Waterford the average cost of the best white bread is 4d per 4lb loaf; best beef, 4d per pound; and pork steak, 7d per pound.

The Kilmovee correspondent of the *Western People* writes that the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, bishop of Galway, has granted an all round reduction of 25 per cent to his tenants. Mrs. Gibbons has notified her tenants to meet the agent at Ballaghadereen, for the purpose of paying their rents. As her land is much dearer let than Dr. McCormack's, and as her tenants are very poor, it is hoped she will follow the bishop's good example and grant a similar reduction.

Upwards of twenty deaths from influenza occurred in Killarney and the surrounding districts during the week ended Dec. 23. Those persons who have succumbed to the malady were mostly old and infirm.

The prosecutions against Messrs. Harrington and Hayden, M.P's, and others who are charged with taking forcible possession of premises from which tenants were evicted on the Frenchpark property, have been withdrawn from the Sligo winter assizes, by direction of the attorney general, and will come on for hearing at the Roscommon assizes in March. It is expected the differences between Lord DeFreyne and his discontented tenants will be settled before that time.

The death is announced of Mr. George Lindsay, postmaster, Killala. His funeral took place on Sunday, Dec. 17, to Ardnaree churchyard, and was very large and representative.

The Queenstown correspondent of the *Irish Independent*, writing under date of Dec. 22, says: "An extraordinarily large Christmas mail, cosisting of 1,175 sacks, arrived off the harbor tonight from New York on the Cunard liner Etruria, after a rapid passage of six days and a few hours. With great dispatch 954 bags were landed at the deep water quay, which included the London portion, and soon afterwards a special train started for Dublin so as to catch the mail boat leaving Kingstown tomorrow morning for Holyhead. By this means, the London portion, as well as those destined for other centres, will be delivered tomorrow (Saturday). The Etruria carried on to Liverpool only 216 sacks, which consisted of mails for Manchester, Liverpool, and Bradford."

The manager of the Midland Great Western Railway granted return tickets at single fares to the students of St. Patrick's College, Drumcondra, during the Christmas vacation. The concession was gained through the efforts of Mr. P. A. Waldron, a student in the college, who was delegated by the students to act in their behalf.

The interest of Mrs. Higgins, as tenant, in five acres of land, adjoining Moylough and within two miles of Mountbellew, on Sir Henry Grattan Bellew's property, yearly rental £7 10s, was sold on Saturday week to Mr. Francis Kitt of Mountbellew for £60.

Some idea of the cost of the necessaries of life in Ireland can be gained from the following local market quotations taken from the Kilkenny *Journal* of Dec. 22: Wheat, white 16s per barrel; red 15s 9d per barrel. Barley, grinding, 10s 6d to 12s per barrel. Oats, black, 9s 8d to 10s per barrel; white, 9s 6d to 9s 9d. Butter, 11d to 1s 3d per pound. Beef, prime joints, 6d to 8d per lb; steaks, 7d to 8d per lb; coarse pieces, 4½d to 6d per lb. Mutton, joints, 7d to 8d per lb; chops, 8d per lb. Lamb, per quarter, 6s to 8s. Veal, 7d to 8d per lb. Irish bacon, hams, 9d to 10d per lb; middles, 9½d per lb. Pork steaks, 8d per lb. Pigs' heads, 4½d per lb. Lard, 7d per lb. Eggs, 1s 4d to 1s 5d per dozen. Potatoes, champions, 5s 6d to 5s 9d per barrel. Carrots, house, 4s per cwt; feeding, 2s per cwt. Turnips, swedes, 6½d to 7d per cwt. Fowl, 2s 8d to 3s 6d per pair; turkeys (cock) 14s to 20s per pair, (hen) 8s to 11s per pair; geese, 6s to 8s per pair. Coal, Kilkenny, 9d to 1s 2d per cwt.

At 13 Northbrook avenue, Dublin, on Dec. 25, a child named Evelyn Jane Turner was accidentally scalded to death by pulling a kettle of boiling water off the range.

A dispute of long standing between two tenants on the estate of Mr. John O'Connell, high sheriff of Clare, at Kildysart, culminated in one of the parties being subjected to a regular fusillade while working in the bog, which is the matter of contention. Several shots were fired, but none took effect. Mr. O'Connell visited the scene of the outrage later on, and was assaulted and thrown into a bog-hole.

Mr. James Cahill, creamery proprietor, Kilbricken, Callan, was fined 20s and costs at the Kilkenny petty sessions, for selling in the public market of that city buttermilk adulterated with 40 per cent of water exclusive of 25 per cent allowed for churning purposes.

Mr. Charles J. Leonard, of Balarney, Wicklow, disappeared from his residence on the 9th ult., and his whereabouts still remains a mystery. He was 65 years of age.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 20, the Rev. Father O'Grady, one of the most popular priests of Mayo, was presented with a beautiful horse by several of his parishioners in Killasser.

Peter Gannon, an old man of about 74 years, was found dead outside the Waterfall Lodge, at Oughterard, on Sunday morning week.

RECENT DEATHS.—Dec. 19, at Bawn, Michael Kennedy.

Dec. 19, at Westport, Maria Amelia, wife of William Fivey.

Dec. 19, at the residence of his parents, Richmond, near Castlebar, in his 20th year, James Joseph, son of Mr. Michael Bourke.

Dec. 13, at Castlebar, James Devlin, aged 72 years.

Dec. 20, at Louisburg, John O'Toole, aged 75. He was a brother Anthony O'Toole, Louisburg, and father of John O'Toole, of St. Patrick's College, Dublin.

Dec. 1, at Killala, Alexander Loughney, at an advanced age.

Dec. 10, at the Valley, Achill, James J. Flynn, teacher of Valley National School, aged 27 years.

At Ballyheane, Mrs. Mary Hynes, relict of Mr. Michael Hynes, at an advanced age.

Dec. 12, at Caltra, Caherlistrane, the residence of her brother-in-law, Matthew Bligh, Mrs. Mary A. Burke, aged 65, sister of the late Col. Patrick Kelly, of the United States Army.

Dec. 22, at 9 Seville place, Dublin, William Chapman, aged 68 years.

Dec. 21, at 57 New street, Elizabeth, wife of Patrick Daly.

Dec. 22, at 6 Basin lane, John Smyth, late of Dixon's row.

At Curries, Carrick-on-Shannon, Mr. Thomas Clancy, aged 83 years. The interment was at the family burying ground in Aughrim.

Jules Verne's Taste In Novels.

In the course of a conversation with R. H. Sherard on his life and work, reported in *McClure's Magazine* for January, Jules Verne says: "My object has been to depict the earth, and not the earth alone, but the universe, for I have sometimes taken my readers away from the earth, in the novel. And I have tried at the same time to realize a very high ideal of beauty of style. It is said that there can't be any style in a novel of adventure, but that isn't true: though I admit that it is very much more difficult to write such a novel in a good literary form than the studies of character which are so in vogue today. And let me say"—here Jules Verne raised his broad shoulders—"that I am no very great admirer of the psychological novel, so-called, because I don't see what a novel has to do with psychology, and I can't say that I admire the so-called psychological novelists. I except, however, Daudet and De Maupassant. For De Maupassant I have the very highest admiration. He is a man of genius, who has received from heaven the gift of writing everything, and who produces as naturally and easily as an apple tree produces apples. My favorite author, however, is, and always has been, Dickens. I don't know more than a hundred words of English, and so have had to read him in translation. But I declare to you, sir"—Verne laid his hand upon the table with emphasis—"that I have read the whole of Dickens at least ten times over. I cannot say that I prefer him to Maupassant, because there is no comparison possible between the two. But I love him immensely, and in my forthcoming novel, 'P'tit Bonhomme,' the proof of this is given and acknowledgment of my debt is made. I am also and have always been a great admirer of Cooper's novels. There are fifteen of these which I consider immortal."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

Rev. Father Beaudreaux, S. J., is still very weak, and but faint hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Rev. Father Doyle, editor of the *Catholic World*, New York, was a guest of Father Hodnett last week.

Rev. Father M. O'Brien, of St. John's church, has been assigned to the charge of the St. Patrick's church in Lemont.

Rev. J. P. Suerth, recently ordained, has been appointed assistant pastor of Holy Trinity church on West Taylor street.

Rev. Father Gillan, the former assistant pastor of St. Mary's church, in this city, has been appointed pastor of All Saints' church, to succeed Bishop Dunne.

Tomorrow (Sunday) being the feast of the Holy name of Jesus, will be especially observed in the Cathedral with a pontifical high mass and attending ceremonies.

A mission will be given to young men in the Holy Family (Jesuit) church beginning Feb. 18. The eloquent missionary, Rev. Father Mulcoury, will conduct the exercises.

Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J., son of the late General Sherman, will deliver a lecture in Central Music Hall on the evening of Feb. 5. Subject: "The Ideal Jesuit, or Fact vs. Fiction."

Rev. Father Edwin D. Kelly, who has been the principal pastor at the Holy Family (Jesuit) church for the past five years, has been assigned to Omaha, and will be succeeded by Rev. Father Dowling, late of Detroit.

Mr. Frederick J. Liscomb, late professor of music of the Notre Dame University, has assumed charge of the choir of St. Thomas' church in Hyde Park. Professor Liscomb will preside at the grand organ and under his direction a new choir will be organized. The choir has now in course of rehearsal for the Easter services Liszt's Gronor mass. The parishioners in that fashionable suburb will have the pleasure of hearing some choice music in St. Thomas' church at the midday services each Sunday.

Safety From a Periodic Scourge.

Do you want to be insured, dweller in a malarious region, against the periodical scourge which threatens to assail you in the form of chills and fever or some of the forms of miasma-born disease? It goes without saying, that you do. Then, instead of using quinine or other alkaloid and mineral drugs, which merely relieve and are always detrimental to general health, seek aid where it is always forthcoming—from the thorough preventive and remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, in regions where malaria is far more violent and prevalent than it is on this continent, eradicates it completely from the system. Biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation, kidney and nervous complaints, neuralgia and rheumatism are among the maladies to which the national tonic and corrective is adapted. Physicians everywhere know its genuine worth.

T. Shea, Tailor.

374 W. Madison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE

ONE WEEK, COMMENCING

SUNDAY, JAN. 14.

Return of the Favorite

KATIE EMMETT,

IN THE ROMANTIC PLAY,

Killarney.

The Most Beautiful of all Irish Plays.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and [illegible] west, northwest and southwest.

Something Interetsing to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

IN THE STREET WHERE I LIVE.

In the street where I live, at the end of the town,
There is never a rattle of wheels up and down,
But the lullaby music of rustling leaves
And the chirrup of song birds in the eaves,
While the apples that hang in the trees o'er the lawn
Are as red as the sun which he leers through the dawn.

And the sunshine is filtering ever between
Old nature's own blending of orange and green,
For the leaves in the clear autumn time are as gay
As the dress of the little miss over the way
When she trips, with that charm that demureness can give,
To the little gray church in the street where I live.

There are eyes gray and tender and eyes blue and sweet
That look through the windows that face on my street,
And a pleasure there is, when the hours grow late,
In watching the lovers who hang o'er the gate
And whisper such nothings as lovers will give,
In the shadows that fall in the street where I live.

In the street where I live—ah, 'tis many long years
Since I lived there in truth, and 'tis only through tears
I can see the old place. For the street it has grown,
Till the highway is paved, and the houses are stone,
And 'tis only in dreams, when the stars glimmer down,
That I live in the street at the end of the town.

—Charles Gordon Rogers.

A DROPPED LETTER.

David Elliott was what is called a good boy. He thought it was wrong to crib and would not for anything have opened his Homer during "Rep," though if the fellow next him happened to have a loose leaf on his knee that was another matter, of course, and he saw no harm in taking a glance at that just before getting on his legs. He had a hatred of bullying—especially when he first went to school—and was always most kind to the small boys. Everybody knows that a certain amount of discipline is good for them, and that if they become arrogant the truest kindness is to show them their real position in society, and this David always did by a moderate and judicious use of the middle stump. He was never cruel to dumb animals.

Cats, by the way, are not dumb animals, as everybody who has ever broken a cat's leg with a stone well knows; indeed they are really beasts of prey, so that chivying them is nothing but tiger hunting on a small scale. Above all, he never told lies. He was always strictly accurate in his statements, and if people sometimes carried away a wrong impression after asking him a question it was always because they had not put it properly.

In the midsummer vacation, when David was 14, he went to spend a week or two at Ingleby manor, where his uncle, Sir Walter Elliott, lived. He was much better off than David's father, who was the youngest son and a clergyman, and from whom David had learned his love of truth.

Now Ingleby manor was a very nice place for a boy to spend his summer holidays in. It stood in a large park with a lake in it, in which there were quite a number of fish. A punt was moored in one corner of the lake, and a stream ran out of it in which there were delightful little pools for bathing and plenty of water rats that were always ready for a romp with the terriers. In the house were a billiard table, with a whole set of pool balls, and a room full of guns. In the stables there were six or seven horses, and a number of dogs lived in different parts of the place. There were also a skittle alley and a large kitchen garden. In fact, it was a perfect paradise, and like every other paradise it contained an Eve—and a serpent—both cousins of David. The Eve was named Lucia. She was a year younger than David, but she always showed promise of growing into—what she now is—the handsomest woman in the county. She was an orphan and spent a good deal of her time with her uncle, who was very fond of her, as indeed was everybody else.

David fell in love with her at once, and the more he loved her the more he disliked his other cousin Hughie. He also despised him and considered him a scug, which is a rude word and one not to be used to anybody who is big enough to punch the head of the boy using it. Indeed, though Hugh was not altogether a gentleman; still less was he altogether a cad. He was a very handsome boy and gentlemanlike enough in some things, but he was not dressed quite like the boys at David's school, and he did not know how to treat servants. Worse than all, he dropped his h's—not always, but only if he got excited about anything.

David will never forget the look that came on his uncle's face when, as they were watching a county match one afternoon, Hugh cried out, "Well 'it, sir; well 'it indeed!" He turned quite pale and said, very quietly, "Come, boys, I think we've seen enough of this," and they had to leave the ground, although the second inning was only just beginning. But, in spite of this, Lucia liked Hughie much better than she did David. When she climbed a tree, it was always to him that she called to help her down, and when they played cricket she never cared how far she had to run after the ball if Hughie had hit it. Once—it was a very hot afternoon, and David couldn't get Hughie out—he called out for fun, "Well 'it, sir, indeed!" Hughie only laughed, but she turned as red as a turkey cock and walked off into the house, leaving David to field as well as bowl. She and Hughie used to go off for long walks together, leaving David to lounge about by himself and wish that his uncle would send Hughie back to his mother, little knowing that the time was close at hand when he would be very near to being sent home in disgrace himself.

Now, the uncle of these boys was a man who thought a great deal about eating and drinking. Indeed he thought of little else, for he was too lazy to walk and too fat to care about riding and never opened a book by any chance. One reason that he liked David better than Hugh—which at that time he certainly did—was that Hughie had an immense, healthy appetite, which led him to devour anything he could get, without much caring what it was so long as there was plenty of it, whereas David was much more particular, and generally took only what he had seen his uncle take, knowing that that was pretty certain to be the best.

It happened about this time that a friend of Sir Walter who was in the embassy at St. Petersburg sent him a jar of some very special Russian delicacy which cannot be got in England, even if an Englishman could be found clever enough to pronounce its name. It was a sort of caviare. It looked like black jam and tasted like a mixture of sea water and vinegar, but he was charmed with his present, and as the jar was a small one, and he had been warned to keep it out of a draft, or away from the light, or some such thing, he would not trust the servants with it, but kept it in a special place in the dining room. He did not offer any of it to his young guests, and this made Lucia very anxious to taste it, for she was a greedy little thing and ate almost as much fruit as Hughie himself.

One morning when David was passing the window he peeped in and saw Miss Lucia, with the jar in one hand and a spoon in the other, eating this horrible mess as if it really had been jam. He watched her for a minute or two, and then went suddenly into the room. She screamed and dropped the jar on the ground, where it was smashed. Then she began to cry and said it was all his fault for startling her and implored him not to tell anybody. To show how fond he was of her David promised not to say anything about it, and she ran away, leaving him to pick up the pieces and scrape up as much of the caviare as he could, which wasn't much. She did not make her appearance at luncheon. She sent down to say that she did not feel very well, which, between a guilty conscience and too much caviare, is quite likely to have been very true. Sir Walter looked for his precious jar, and not seeing it told the butler to put it on the table.

"If you please, Sir Walter," the man said, looking shyly at David, "there's none of it left; it's all gone."

Sir Walter only said, "Oh, indeed," but he looked as if he meant to say a good deal more at some other time. Later in the afternoon he sent for David and told him that the servants denied having touched his caviare, and that as he had been seen in the dining room that morning he concluded that he had eaten it. He was sorry that David should have allowed other people to run the risk of bearing unjust blame. He didn't mind the loss particularly, but was sorry that David had been so reticent.

David glanced past his uncle's sad face to where his little playmate sat on a window ledge, a solemn look on her childish face.

Then David had an idea. "I did not take it, uncle," he said.

"Who did?"

"It was 'Ugh,'" said David, still looking at the girl. What he said to himself that he said was, "It was you." If misunderstood, was it his fault?

"No, doubt, no doubt," muttered the kindly old gentleman, with a troubled look, "but—but—I'd rather you hadn't told."

And all Hugh's astonished denials did not save him from punishment.

A dozen years and more have passed over Ingleby manor and those whom it sheltered during these summer holidays. Sir Walter Elliot is still alive, but he is getting very old, and it seems as if he had not many more years to live. Lucia is now a spoiled beauty, who rules the manor and everybody in it. David a hard working curate, and Hugh has been sent by him to an army tutor, has passed into and out of Sandhurst and is now a lieutenant in the Q. D. G. (Irish Chestnuts). Only the house is unchanged amid all the changes, and as David stands, after dinner, on the terrace that runs outside the long drawing room and watches in the clear summer sky,

Sur le clocher jauni,
La lune
Comme un point sur un i,

his mind flies back to that unforgotten summer when he first saw the place. What a happy time it was—after Hugh had left—and what a pretty child Lucia was! Even then he was in love with her, and now—now that she was in the full bloom of her beauty—what more can he say than that he is in love with her still? Will she ever return his love? He has been in the house a week, and he hardly dares put the question to himself. And yet his visit ends tomorrow. Can he go back to his dingy parish, leaving it still unasked and unanswered? Suddenly a white shimmering cloud, in the midst of which a spark burns brightly, appears round the corner of the house and moves toward him with a frou frou of silk. The next minute Lucia is standing before him, a filmy lace shawl over her dark hair, a cigarette between her red lips and a saucy smile in her eyes.

"May I offer you one?" she asks demurely. "There are no bishops about," and she holds out a silver case with her monogram enameled in red on the side.

He takes a cigarette with a smile and lights it from her awkwardly, for he is no smoker, and is wondering what his rector would say if he could see him at that moment. Lucia laughs at him softly, springs on the balustrade that runs along the terrace and sits perched, swinging her buff colored slippers like a schoolboy and blowing tiny perfumed clouds into the midsummer night air. The diamond buckles on her insteps twinkle in the moonlight and then disappear under billowy lace that peeps out under her frock.

"There; now I'm quite happy," she says contentedly. "It's a perfect night. Uncle Walter's asleep, and I've got a young man to talk to and four cigarettes to smoke. What more can a girl want?"

He leans over the balustrade beside her and looks out over the moonlit park, thinking how he shall approach the subject nearest to his heart.

"Do you remember," he asks suddenly, "do you remember the first summer we spent here together, you and I?"

The girl's eyes sparkle with amusement. "Rather," she says. "What fun we had! It was the first time I'd ever had boys to play with, and I was simply wild."

He looks out over the park. "I wonder who's going to have this place when—if anything should happen to my uncle?" he says thoughtfully. Lucia looks up suddenly, with a smile.

"Don't you know?' she says. "Has he not told you? He's left it to you."

David starts violently and drops his cigarette on the grass. Is it possible that those hopes in which he has never dared to indulge are to be fulfilled, and that he is to be the heir of the uncle who has always seemed so completely indifferent to him? Happy David! Is there anything else on earth which he has to wish for? Yes; one thing, and one only.

"And what about yourself?" he asks timidly.

"Oh, I'm all right. I'm to have £15,000. There's no secret about it. Uncle Walter told me so last year when Charles Scudamore wanted me to marry him."

David is quivering with excitement.

"And you wouldn't?" he says in a low voice. "Yet it would have been a good match. I wonder why?"

"Well—no; I wouldn't," she says slowly, looking at the point of her slipper. Then she looks up, laughs a little and ends her laugh with a small sigh.

"Why, did you say? Who knows? Perhaps I liked somebody else better—somebody who hadn't asked me to marry him."

A wild hope flashes through his brain. "Was it—was he—somebody nearer?" he stammers—"a cousin, for instance?"

She glances quickly at him and turns away her head; all her affectation of fastness is gone, and he sees her as she is.

"How did you guess that?" she whispers. "I must have kept my secret very badly."

He seizes her hand. "Lucie," he says earnestly, "tell me, do you love—anybody?"

Her slight figure quivers—but she will not answer.

"Tell me who it is," he urges passionately.

Slowly she lets fall the words, "What would you think of me if I said that it was you?"

* * * * * *

Ten minutes later he is still there alone with his happiness.

Suddenly he turns as he hears a light footfall, and she is beside him again.

"What is it, dearest?" he asks.

"Have you picked up anything?" she inquires, smiling. "I dropped something while I was sitting here—a—a letter."

A newborn jealousy flares up in his eyes. "A letter? From whom?"

"Don't laugh at me, dear," she says shyly. "It was only a letter from you."

He smiles very tenderly. The only letter he has ever written to her is one in acceptance of his uncle's invitation a fortnight ago.

"From me? Why, you silly child, there was nothing in that worth keeping."

A few days afterward the Rev. David Elliott was returning to his lodgings after visiting his district. He wanted his luncheon badly and was very tired and rather disgusted, for the old women had been particularly querulous and troublesome and even more than usually inclined to overestimate the value of their attendance at the early celebration. He had been positively refused admission into one cottage, through the window of which he could have sworn he saw the burly form and coarse Irish features of Father Flannigan, from St. Joseph's. His rector, too, had been snappish and as nearly rude as a clergyman ever permits himself to be to a brother priest. But he consoled himself for these little annoyances by thinking how short a time he should have to endure them and how different his position would be in a few years—perhaps months. He was expecting a reply to a passionate love letter which he had written to Lucia immediately on his return, and as he put the key into his door he thought how pleasant it would be, after his hunger was satisfied, to sit down by the window and read the six or seven sheets of which it would no doubt consist. Immediately he ran up stairs and threw open the door of his sitting room. A tall young man, whose forehead was to some extent sinister, argent and brickdust, and who wore a thick, yellow mustache, rose as he entered, and coming toward him with a cavalry swagger held out his hand. "I've been making myself at home," he said apologetically. "Hope you don't object to smoking in your quarters. Long time since we met, isn't it? Don't remember me—Hugh Elliott?"

David stared at his visitor; he had a feeling that something had gone wrong.

"Oh, of course," he said nervously, taking his cousin's hand and dropping it directly. "Very glad to see you, I'm sure. I—eh—didn't know you were in this part of the world. Very good of you to come and look me up. You'll have some lunch, of course."

"Oh, thanks, awfully, but I'm afraid I've no time. There's a train at 1:30 I leave, and I had a devil—I mean a deuce of a job to get that. No—fact is, I came up to see about—well, about a letter you wrote to Lucia." He handed an envelope to David, who began to feel rather sick.

"But," he began, with as much dignity as the sudden beating of his heart allowed, "may I ask—by what right—you interfere—with"——

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't take that tone, there's a good fellow," said the dragoon good humoredly. "You see, Lucia's so d—n—I mean so awf'ly fond of chaff; she'll get herself into a deuce of a mess some of these days, as she is never so happy as when she's makin a fool of some one, just as she's been doin to you. And you must have been goin very badly about what's in that letter, but she seems to think better of it now, and she sent for me and gave me my orders to tell you she was only chaffin you."

David had sunk into a chair and was now quite pale and trembling.

"She told me she'd refused Sir Charles Scudamore because she loved me," he groaned, "and that if she ever married anybody it would be me and nobody else."

The dragoon shook his head and looked grave. "Too bad," he said sympathetically. "She really shouldn't, you know. It really isn't fair to a fellow."

David jumped up from his chair in a passion. "And she sent you here to tell me this," he cried angrily. "I don't believe it. No girl could be so heartless."

"It's true enough," said Hugh. "Seems odd, doesn't it? but she's a queer girl. We've been engaged for three months, and it'll come off as soon as I get my troop. It's a very good arrangement, because I'm to have the manor, you know."

David smiled—unpleasantly. "Are you sure of that?" He asked.

"Why, yes—certain, unless my uncle should change his mind."

"Then, I suppose," said David bitterly, "that it was only in pursuance of her peculiar vein of humor that Lucia told me that he'd left the manor to me."

The dragoon pulled his mustache and looked uncomfortable.

"Oh, come, I say!" he said. "A joke's a joke, but that's goin a little too far. Aren't you mistaken about that? What did she say?"

"She said," replied David slowly, "'Don't you know? Uncle Walter's left it to you?'"

The dragoon considered deeply for a few minutes; then a smile broke out on his sunburnt face and he laughed heartily. "What a wicked little thing it is!" he said admiringly. "I see now what she meant by sayin I was to ask you if you remembered that she told you she'd dropped a letter outside the house."

"Yes," David said drearily, "I remember. What has that to do with it?"

"My good fellow, don't you see? The letter she dropped was an H. She meant to say that he'd left it to Hugh—that is me."—Exchange.

The Origin of Sam Weller.

The original of Sam Weller was Sam Vale, an English low comedian, who, in the early part of this century, was quite popular in the south of England. In the year 1811, and for a few years after, he made quite a reputation in the musical farce called "The Boarding House," written by Beasley. In this he played the part of Simon Spatterdash, a person who indulged in odd and whimsical sayings. "Come on, as the old man said to the tight boot;" "I am down on you, as the extinguisher said to the candle; "Let every one take care of himself, as the donkey said when dancing among the chickens," are fair illustrations of his witticisms in the course of that play, the resemblance between them and some of the sayings of Sam Weller being very marked. In private life Vale was a wit, and many good things in his own time were credited to him. A man of excellent temper, he had no enemies, and the good humor which pervaded every saying, together with the drollery of his manner, gave his witticisms unusual value. His sayings were called Sam Valerisms, and on the appearance of Pickwick in 1836 the character of Weller was generally recognized as a portraiture of Vale. The comedian died in 1848 at the age of 51.—Baltimore American.

Easter Island.

In the South Pacific ocean is an island belonging to the Polynesian archipelago, about 30 miles in circumference, and which at its highest point is 1,200 feet above the level of the sea. This is Easter island, formerly called Davis Land, and has 2,000 inhabitants, who, like all the other South Sea islanders, are dark skinned.

It appears to have been of volcanic origin, but the greater point of interest about it is not its people, with their habits and manners, but the wonderful ruins which are found there. These consist of temples, with statues 12 and 15 feet high, some of them in rows standing on wide platforms of solid masonry. The inhabitants of the island know nothing at all of these ruins or of those who built them.

Therefore, like many others, they may date centuries back, and perhaps are prehistoric. They evidently are the work of a race that has passed away, and about which we can only conjecture. Who these people were, what they believed and what they did are questions that, like many others, must remain unanswered. — Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Easy Stairs to Climb.

There is a great deal of stair climbing to be done here before we shall "climb dem golden stairs," and those who are about to build would do well to see to it that all the stairs be made as easy as possible. The very acme of ease is reached in stairs that have treads 12 to 15 inches broad and risers 5 to 7 inches high. The run or distance in most houses is too short to allow of this, but they should come as near it as the architect of the house will permit. It is so easy to climb such stairs that one hardly is aware of any effort. Numbers of incurably broken down women owe their bad health to the steep stairs which they have been obliged to climb daily.—Exchange.

THE PAPER BOX AGE.

NUMBER OF USES TO WHICH CARDBOARD CASES ARE PUT.

An Industry Not Much Understood In Which the Figures Are Gigantic—How It Provides Employment For Thousands. Evolution of the Paper Box.

In the multiplicity of modern conveniences the paper box holds a front place. Half a century ago the dry goods dealer would present an empty box to the little daughter of his regular customer as a mark of special favor. Boxes were then used only by the wholesale houses to send out their goods in, and the retailer kept them to show his wares in. Now the customer insists upon his purchase being placed in a neat box. Not only is this so in the dry goods business, but in every other business. The oyster fry in a box as a peacemaker was a popular joke half a dozen years ago; now they put ice cream in boxes, and all sorts of things. Candy used to be sold in paper bags; the smallest purchase has to be put in a box. The saucy confectioner might hand a paper bag to a woman who had made a small purchase, but never to a man. The man is probably more particular about his parcel than a woman. He hates to be seen carrying parcels anyway, and those he does carry must be thoroughly well disguised. If he buys a bottle of whisky, he must have it in a box, so that his friends may mistake it for a pair of shoes.

It is not surprising, therefore, that paper box making should have grown into an important industry. In this city alone no less than 5,000 girls are employed in it. It is a comparatively clean, healthy business, is regular and is well paid, the wages averaging between $7 and $10 a week. There are in this city 75 firms engaged in the business, but three-fourths of it is done by 10 large firms, whose individual output will run from $100,000 to $150,000 a year. As the average cost of a paper box is 5 cents, you can form some idea from this of the enormous number that are used. One candy maker alone during the month of December last used $10,000 worth of boxes.

Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago are also prominent in this industry, and the workmen and girls employed by the firms of those cities cannot be much less than 20,000. There are small firms, too, in every large city, in addition to which many large manufacturers make their own paper boxes.

The first paper box maker was George W. Plumly, who started in the business at Philadelphia in 1846. He and his partner cut out the boxes, their only tools being a straight edge, compasses, shoe knife and scissors. They employed five girls to paste and for six or seven years had a monopoly of the business. Then Charles W. Jencks started in the business in Providence and introduced a rough scoring machine to cut partly through the cardboard where it is folded to make the box. At that time it was a struggle to obtain proper materials. There were few paper mills in the country, and the straw board used was very poor stuff, not two sheets coming out of the mill of the same size. It was made by hand of straw, meadow hay, refuse straw from stables, dried in the open air on the ground, and consequently was often filled with sand, which made it interesting for the cutters. The best quality of mill board was all imported.

In those early days the young women in the paper box factories made boxes as their mothers made pies, "one at a time and that one well." A girl who could make pies quickly and well could make boxes in a similar style. The operations were somewhat similar. There was the same manner of cutting out material, the same caressing way of patting down and smoothing out the box coverings as the pie crust and the same way of trimming off surplus material. Now everything is done by machinery in paper box making, and the girls have nothing to do but feed the material to the machines.

George A. Dickerman of Boston started in the business in 1863 in Boston, and about 1870 a Frenchman named Rouyon introduced the business in this city. The old fashioned way of scoring the pasteboard with a rule and a cobbler's knife continued until 1871, when the first machine was introduced. This was the invention of Mr. Bigelow of New Haven. This scoring machine was such a success that a number of firms sprang up. Six years after a man named Marshall of Boston made a lighter and easier running machine, and in 1881 John T. Robinson & Co. invented the present scoring machine. The trouble with the former machines was in the time it took to adjust the knives to a new size or pattern of box. In the Robinson scorer there are two sets of knives, so that one set can be adjusted while the other is being used.

Nowadays the whole of the material is made in this country, and it is a satisfaction to know that the scoring machines and the boxmaking machines are all the result of Yankee ingenuity. Paper boxes are used all over the world now, and all the world has to get its machines from this country. In France paper boxes are still made by hand by many firms, but the machines have been introduced there, and it will not be long before these Yankee inventions will be at work in all their factories.

The boxmaker now receives $2 for the same work he got $5 for 21 years ago, yet he makes a larger profit and is able to pay higher wages. The machines are uncomplicated and not expensive. The business gives steady employment, as there is practically no particular season, and when not working on orders the machines are running on stock, of which a large supply has always to be kept on hand.

Such is the rapid growth of the paper box industry, which now has three good trade papers to represent its interests. —New York Advertiser.

TRICOLOR AND COCKADE.

Origin of the Historic Red, White and Blue Colors of France.

Some 70 or 80 years before France was involved in the flames of the revolution—that is, at the epoch of the war of the succession, when she was in close alliance with Spain and Bavaria—it was thought desirable to distinguish the allied soldiers by a cockade, which combined the colors of the three nations—the white of France, the red of Spain, and the blue of Bavaria.

To none of such incidents, however, would it be wise to attribute the origin of the historic tricolor and cockade adopted by revolutionary France. At the outset there seemed a likelihood that green, which Camille Desmoulins had popularized at the Palais Royal, would have become the national color, but men remembered in time that it was that of the livery of the Comte d'Artois, the most unpopular of the Bourbon princes, and it was thereupon discarded.

A proposition was then made to assume the colors of the city of Paris—blue and red, as Dumas reminds us in his "Six Ans Apres." To these was added the white of so many glorious memories, because it had been selected by the national guard—always faithful to the throne and its traditions.

Not until some months after the capture of the Bastille was the tricolor definitely adopted when Bailly and Lafayette presented it to Louis XVI in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville, and the convention issued a decree in which it was described as consisting of three colors—"disposees en trois bandes egales, de maniere que le bleu soit attache a la garde du pavilion, le blanc au milieu, et le rouge flottant dans les airs"—that is, in equal vertical sections, with the blue inward, the red outward and the white between.

This is the historic flag which Napoleon's legions, in conjunction with their eagles, bore victoriously from the Seine to the Elbe, the Tagus, the Borodino and the Danube, which they planted victoriously on the walls of almost every European capital.—All the Year Round.

The Greatness of Little Things Again.

Here is a good comic opera story: Marie Wainwright was speaking of her nervousness on the first night of a new production, and she said that an absurd contretemps nearly threw her off her balance during a first night. She continued: "Perhaps you remember that as Dame Hannah in 'Ruddigore' I had to go on with a small dagger, with which I was supposed to threaten the wicked baronet's life. When my turn came round, the dagger had disappeared and was nowhere to be found. Nothing would induce me to go on without my property, and although Mr. Barrington implored me to appear without it I was resolute. Of course there was a terrible stage wait, and at last Mr. Barrington grew desperate, and forcing something into my hand absolutely pushed me on to the stage. And what do you think it was?" asked Miss Wainwright, laughing at the reminiscence. "Of all things, it was a large gas key! I contrived, however, to conceal the absurd makeshift from the audience, but when I had to hand my supposed dagger to Mr. Grossmith he most unkindly gave me away. 'How can I kill myself with this thing?' he said, holding up the gas key in its entirety to the audience. Of course there was a perfect howl of laughter, and for some minutes we were unable to continue."—New York Recorder.

A Cheerful Time.

A Sunday or two ago one of our popular dentists had quite a picnic in the exercise of his profession. A suffering citizen said to his wife as she started for church, "If you meet Dr. ——, send him over." She did happen to meet him, and the man of forceps was soon with the suffering citizen, whose courage fell to zero on seeing him. "Fact was he didn't think his wife would meet the doctor, and if the latter would accept payment for his trouble he would be glad to have him go away without torturing an unwilling victim." "Let's see the offender," said the dentist, and then, following up the advantage, he soon had five grinders where they would do no more aching. Suffering citizen was then a happy man, and desiring to also make happy a neighbor whom he knew was afraid of a dentist he inveigled Mr. P. into the dread presence, and after some coaxing out came 12 snags to make way for a set. Then the neighbor, in his great sense of relief, called in his wife, who yielded seven more to the harvest. By this time the man afraid of a dentist, who had had out 12, concluded it was just fun and sat down for a pull of three more. Then the doctor was out of business and counted up 27 samples of jaw misery as the result of his friendly call. —Old Colony (Mass.) Memorial.

He Was "No Slouch" at Pool.

He was tall, lean and lanky, wore a peaked cap, had hayseed in his hair and resembled a typical farmer from the remotest part of up country. He was interested in watching a game of pool in a Smith street resort and was full of exclamations and comments as the game progressed. Then he was inveigled into a game with people who imagined that they had a dead cinch on him. The long arms and lank legs hung all over the table for a moment, and then the game was over. An expert was at once pitted against him for money, and the betting on the outside became even. But the expert, like the man who drove the hearse, was not in it when the countryman had finished playing. "Gosh all hemlock!" observed the up country individual, "I reckon I am kinder soft, but you kin bet your boots I'm no slouch when it comes to shovin pool balls." And then he pulled out a salt bag, deposited his winnings in the deepest corner and shuffled out, leaving the vanquished bettors to ruminate upon the perverseness of human judgment.—Brooklyn Standard Union.

BATTLESHIPS OF THE FUTURE.

The Present Marine Engines of War Will Furnish the Model.

The battleship of the future will, like all human contrivances, be of gradual growth, resulting from the adaptation to her use of improvements and discoveries in many branches of science. Under the crucial test of war it may be found that many mistakes have been made. If I should venture to point out one of these, it would be the multiplicity of devices which every branch of physical science has contributed to overcrowd our ships. Not that they do not admirably serve their purpose, but I fear that we, as sailors, are growing to rely upon them and will be lost when the rude shock of battle breaks our electric wires and disarranges the delicate machinery upon which we now depend in a thousand ways.

In the main, however, I venture to think that the battleship of today has a sound reason for all her principal features, and the type will persist. The stability will continue to be carefully protected by vertical armor. Many of the accidents, both in battle and in times of peace, to which great ships are liable, will be diminished by the adoption of liquid fuel. The main battery will be mounted in turrets furnishing complete protection to the guns, and as far as possible to the machinery for their manipulation, and for the supply of ammunition. The secondary battery will be protected in proportion to its importance, while every gun position, with its crew, will be protected against machine and rapid gun fire. The time will never come when we shall cease to demand higher requirements in the battleship. Fortunately, all requirements are interchangeable.

Armor may be substituted for guns, guns for fuel, so that the saving in one direction may at once be utilized in another. The advent of hard surfaced armor will demand that the caliber of the main battery be maintained, for until projectiles of greater strength can be produced, the only way to overcome Harvey armor is to crush it with an overwhelming blow. In addition to this it will undoubtedly be found that all armor under the constantly varying angles of impact in battle will furnish greater protection than is considered possible when judged by the result of normal impact on the proving ground. For this reason again, the larger caliber of the gun must be maintained, and this, in its turn, determines the great size of the battleship of the future, subject to the restrictions which have been indicated.—W. T. Sampson, Captain United States Navy, in North American Review.

Hair and Complexion.

It is often interesting to see the pranks that are played by nature in the matter of hair and complexion. It is not unusual to find a blond complexion with black hair, and I have seen several cases of mismated eyes, one of them blue and the other black. That phenomenon, too, I have seen in cats. Negroes are occasionally found with light patches on their skins, and mulattoes sometimes have patches of clear white. Barnum's leopard child was an illustration of this freak. Cases where the hair whitens irregularly are common enough.

Whistler, the artist and scold, has a little white topknot that he calls his plume, and I met a man in Paris who was black, as to hair, on one side of his head and white on the other, the dividing line running down the middle of his face, so that half of his hair, one eyebrow, one lot of eyelashes, one mustache and the half of his beard were black, the corresponding side being white. Hair of two other colors is also found and I occasionally see a man on Fulton street whose hair is brown except at the back of his neck, where it is black, while a young fellow that I have met has brown hair with little tufts of red sprinkled through it. But the oddest freak in that line that I see is a negro with red wool.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Help to Shopping.

The passion for shopping is a strong one in the breast of the average American woman, and now that the perpetual variety show idea has taken root in this town we are likely to see even more widely developed cases of shopping mania than heretofore. Formerly the time always came when even the most rabid shopper was obliged to go home and rest and change the current of her ideas. Now, when she gets tired after a four hours' struggle at the bargain counters, she can wander into a convenient theater, get a cup of tea for 5 cents, write letters or telegrams, do a little sewing, have the use of powder boxes, hairpins, curling irons and slippers, and rest for as many hours as she wishes in the seclusion of the dressing room set aside for that purpose. Then she can go into the main body of the theater, see as much of the variety show as her fancy craves, and after thus being refreshed mentally and physically go forth again to the conflicts of the bargain counters. Altogether the women's variety theater is likely to have a farreaching effect on future generations of feminine New Yorkers.—New York Sun.

A Tough Back.

Porter—Yes, sir; that man is a hypocrite, if there ever was one. While professing the warmest friendship for me, he was for a whole year stabbing me in the back, and I never knew it.

Irwin—Goodness gracious! What kind of a back have you got?—Grenoble Monthly.

Penalty of Laziness.

Head of Department—What's this lying on my desk? The last dunning letter received from my tailor—duly initialed by all my clerks! Oh! dear, what have I done? Actually sent it round to be duly noted without taking the trouble to look at it!—Fliegende Blatter.

Both Sides of the Case.

"My prospects!" said the young lawyer with animation, after he had greeted the business man. "Why, sir, they were never so good as they are now. I have been retained in the McWilliger will case, and there is certainly $500 in that. Then I have been asked to act as junior counsel in the Interoceanic railway suit, and there is sure to be a big sum in that. I received a retainer today to take a libel suit, and I have some bills out that I ought to get remittances on in a week or two. Yes, sir, things are booming with me, and inside of 60 days I will be in a better financial condition than ever I was in my life before."

Then he said "good day" to the business man and passed on with the friend who was with him. And the friend thought the matter over and then said:

"See here. That's a very different story from the one you told Bilkins yesterday."

"Of course it is," said the young lawyer.

"You told Bilkins that you were nearly discouraged; that you had hard work getting what was due you, and that new cases that had any money in them were few and far between."

"Exactly. I was afraid Bilkins intended to ask me for a loan."

"But you've just told Wilber that things never looked so promising and that you'd have money to throw to the birds within 60 days."

"Certainly. I expect I'll have to ask him for a loan of $100 or so in a day or two."

"Which story was right?"

"Neither wholly and both partly."—Chicago Post.

Inexpensive Pleasures.

The comparatively cheap pleasures seem to be the best in life generally. There is so little that the very rich can buy for themselves that need stir envy in people who are just comfortably off. Warmth is such a delightful thing in winter, but you and I can get as much as we want of it, and a millionaire can have no more. And then there are so many cheap ordinary things to eat that are just as good as or better than the expensive things. An epicure who lives somewhere in the western part of this state was saying the other day that, having a particular dinner in view, he sent to a judicious man in New York for the best fish that the market offered. They sent him a fresh cod, and he admitted that no fish could be better, and moralized—those are his remarks above—on the comparative cheapness of the fleshly gratifications that were really best, such as potatoes and chickens and fresh air and tea and water, warm and cold, and soap and sleep.

When one considers how good a big 5 cent sandwich tastes when he is really hungry, and what a poor thing a $5 dinner is when he is not, and how little difference there is between good wine and good water when it has once passed one's gullet, and how much of that difference is in favor of the water, it really lends a dangerous charm to economy and simple living, and makes one wonder that thrift is not more catching, and that the delights of avarice should be so generally monopolized by the aged.—Harper's Weekly.

Why She Smiled.

The actors in the drama were one young woman, one ditto man, one mendicant and one dog. Scene—Secluded alley in Central park. Time—Three o'clock p. m. Young woman sauntering through sylvan retreat is insulted by tramp; her scream brings dog, who has stopped to exchange civilities with another canine, to her rescue; he knocks down mendicant and forcibly detains him.

Mendicant, shrieking: "Take him off! Take him off! He's a-killin of me! He's a-crunchin of me bones!"

Young woman laughs heartlessly and mendicant appeals to young man, who has just arrived.

"Help, sor! the brute's eatin of me! The blood's pourin down me leg!"

Young woman fairly shrieks with laughter.

"Call your dog off, miss!" says the young man sternly.

Controlling herself by a supreme effort, the young woman gasps out:

"No! no! You don't understand. The man is not hurt at all."

Young man, indignantly: "Can't I see the dog biting him this instant?"

Young woman, breaking into fresh paroxysms of mirth: "Yes, but the dog—oh, dear!—hasn't a tooth in his head!"—New York Journal.

A Plan That Worked.

"How did you break yourself of the habit of lying in bed till noon?" inquired the man in the white duck trousers.

"I adopted the self cure," replied the man with a wart on his face. "I wrote letters to myself beginning this way: 'You lazy, good for nothing hound, what do you mean by lounging in bed when you ought to be at work like other men? You sneaking, skulking, lubberly, idle, worthless bag of bones, if you've got an ounce of manhood about you, get up!' On my way home at night I would stop at a district telegraph office, leave one of these letters addressed to myself with instructions to have the messenger take it to my house at 7 o'clock in the morning. It was always brought to me on time [This part of the story, we regret to say, throws a cloud of suspicion on the truthfulness of the entire narrative], and I was waked up to receive it. I would open it, read it and roll out. That's the self cure, gentlemen, and all it costs is 10 cents a dose."—Chicago Tribune.

Modern Conveniences.

Little Dick—I could lift our front shutters off the hinges myself. What good is they anyhow?

Little Dot—Oh, they is just for papa to close when it's time for sister's company to go home.—Good News.

COYOTES HUNTING FOR BREAKFAST.

Believing Each Other In the Chase After Fleet Footed Jack Rabbits.

"Did you ever see a pack of coyotes a-rustlin for grub?" asked an old miner of a reporter. "I've lived on the desert for nigh onto 30 years," he resumed, "and seed many a queer sight, but coyotes a-rustlin for grub beats them all. Them animals are as well trained as any body of soldiers ever was under Gineral Grant. They elect a captain, whether by drawing straws or by ballot I don't recollect off hand. Just at daylight a reveille calls the pack together, and they come yelpin and howlin over the desert like a lot of things possessed, their appetites sharpened by the crisp air and eager for their reg'lar diet of jerked rabbit meat. The avant couriers sniff around among the sagebrush and greasewood, while the rest of the band form into a big circle, sometimes spreadin out on the plain over a radius of two or three miles. The couriers head a jack rabbit in the circle, and the coyote nearest takes up the chase.

"You know a jack rabbit can run 10 times faster than a coyote, and when the one in pursuit gets tuckered out the next one takes up the chase, and so on till the jack falls down dead from exhaustion. Then the whole pack leap onto him, their jaws snappin like sheepblades in shearin time. Then, when the jack is disposed of, another reveille is sounded, and the pack again form into a circle, and the circus is kept up until every one of the yelpin yeller divils has satisfied his appetite, sometimes killin hundreds of jacks and cottontails fur one meal, fur a coyote can eat a jack as big as himself and then look as if he was clean starved to death. I was clean through the late unpleasantness with Gineral Grant, and I know what scientific generalin is, and them coyotes know as much as any soldiers that ever lived about army tactics. The commander in chief is usually the oldest coyote in the pack, and he sits on a knoll where he can give orders to his lieutenants and aids, and what they don't know about ambuscades, maneuverin and field tactics ginerally ain't worth knowin."—Moreno (Cal.) Indicator.

Firing a Rocket.

One night the Royal Arch lay in the Downs, the great roadstead, protected by the natural breakwater of the dreaded Goodwin sands. An easterly gale caused the ship to drag her anchors, and she was in danger of striking the surf beaten shore. Blue lights were burned on board as signals of distress, and in the absence of the captain, who was on shore, one of the mates decided to fire a rocket.

He had never fired a rocket, and there was no rocket stand at hand. But he was an Irishman and, as is the way of his countrymen, never hesitated to undertake anything from doubt of his ability to do it. He determined to let the rocket off through the iron chimney of the ship's galley or cooking house.

As the sea was rolling over the deck and washing through the galley it was only by great efforts that the mate fastened the rocket in the chimney. To do this he had removed the rocket from its stick and fastened it upside down. The rocket, being upside down, failed to go off when the mate applied a lighted match to the lower end. Then he tried the uppermost end.

"The explosion," said an English sailor on board, "blowed him clean hout of the galley into the lee scuppers. He kept shouting like 40 blue murders: 'I'm dead! I'm dead! I'm dead!' "

The Deal lifeboat placed a crew on board the drifting ship, and they slipped her cables, put her before the gale and brought her safe to Cowes.—Youth's Companion.

The Forgetmenot.

Everybody knows the pretty little forgetmenot and likes the flower more perhaps because of its name than its beauty. How was it so called? The Germans account for it by quite a pathetic romance. It seems that once upon a time a knight and a lady were walking by the bank of the Danube, when the latter asked her "gallant gay" to pluck for her a tiny blue flower which she saw growing in the stream. No sooner said than done, but the knight, overbalancing, fell into the river, and owing to the slippery nature of the bank and the weight of his own armor was carried away by the current. As he threw the flowers ashore to his lady he cried out with his last breath, "Vergiss mein nicht!" ("Forget me not"). And ever since the flower has been looked upon as the emblem of fidelity.—Philadelphia Times.

Choked by a Billiard Ball.

A singular fatality occurred at a public house in Soho, London. Some men were in the billiard room, when one of them attempted to get a billiard ball into his mouth. This feat he had previously accomplished and had successfully removed the ball. This time, however, he failed to extract it, and it became fixed in his throat. A cab was immediately fetched, but while being removed to the hospital the unfortunate fellow expired.—London Truth.

Will Lend a Helping Hand.

Mrs. Julia B. Nelson, president of the Minnesota Woman Suffrage association, will give a month's lecturing free of charge during the campaign for the woman suffrage amendment in Kansas. She has been sowing the good seed in Minnesota broadcast for years, with voice and pen, largely at her own expense.—Minneapolis Exchange.

The Year 1900.

The year 1900 will not be a leap year simply because, being a hundredth year, although it is divisible by four, it is not divisible by 400 without a remainder. This is not the real reason, but a result of it, the real reason being the establishment of the Gregorian rule made in 1582.—Boston Home Journal.

Talking Canary Birds.

The story of the talking canary, which attracted much attention, has brought out other instances of an acquired power of speech in the same bird. In the organ of the Selborne society, where the story originally appeared, there are some further cases given, and probably many more may be yet forthcoming. Attention has been directed to an account of a talking canary at Norwood which was published in a natural history magazine for 1858. It began by repeating a word which its mistress had often used to it—"Kissie, kissie"—and by following the word up by an imitation of the sound of a kiss. Its mistress had been in the habit of kissing the bird and talking to it as if it were a child. After a time the bird repeated other words, until it had a large vocabulary of phrases, one of which consisted of five words.

Again, in 1863, a talking canary was heard and seen at a cottage near Bath. Visitors crowded to the spot to hear and see it. Its vocabulary consisted of such phrases as are generally taught to parrots. A case is also recorded of a speaking canary having been exhibited in Regent street about 20 years ago. The explanation given is that the bird is gifted with unusual powers of imitation and will pick up airs freely which it is in the habit of frequently hearing. Left to itself, it quickly imitates the notes of other birds, and in Germany and the Tyrol canaries are usually placed for this purpose beside the nightingale. In our own country they are often taught to imitate the lark. The words which it imitates may be regarded as a mere development or variant of its musical notes.—Liverpool Mercury.

Highland and Lowland Scotch.

There is hardly a question as to the very incongruous difference between the characteristics of the highland and the lowland Scotch. James Bonwick, author of "Who Are the Scotch?" asserts that the highlanders are not a Gaelic race, but that they are a miscellaneous mixture of outcast Irish, rebel Northmen, banished Saxons, conspiring Northumbrians, restless Lothianers, unyielding Normans, intriguing barons, hunted freebooters, decayed gentlemen and loafers of all orders. He shows that the highland clans or tribes are, most of them, of comparatively recent origin, and that even Bishop Leslie, in 1578, has no mention whatever of the distinction into tartans.

Bonwick's book, when it appeared, made considerable sensation, as he was very severe in his criticism on such works as the dandy "Vestiarium Scoticum," which gave accounts and even pictures of the tartans of border tribes who never wore tartans or kilts. Sir Walter Scott thought he had traced the work to the counter of one of the great clan tartan warehouses in Edinburgh. What strikes one most in the books and articles which have dealt with highland subjects and clans is the suggested origins beyond which the most careful student fails to reach. The world is under obligations to the legends and traditions of the clans for much very engaging romance and poetry, in consideration of which perhaps we should not be too exacting upon history for origins.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Pretty Result.

A beautiful artistic result is achieved by a recently invented method of enlarging stereopscopic pictures, one that solves the problem of placing upon the screen a pair of ordinary stereoscopic pictures in such a manner that while the right eye can only see the right hand picture, and the left eye the left hand picture, the two shall yet be combined and conveyed to the brain as one. In solving this problem, according to an English artist, the pictures on the screen are in full perspective, the various objects forming them standing out as if possessed of three dimensions and appearing in their correct relative planes.

A pair of ordinary stereoscopic transparencies are superposed on the screen as nearly as possible—the pictures not being identical, a perfect registration cannot be obtained—and the light from each picture is polarized, one vertically and the other horizontally, the combined picture being viewed through an analyzer similar to a small opera glass. This analyzer is so constructed that while the right eye can only see the image portrayed in horizontally polarized light the left eye can see only that in vertically polarized light. An important feature, in view of the fact that polarized light is apt to be broken up, is the facing of the screen with dull or matt silver, a long series of experiments having proved this to be the best material.—New York Sun.

A Venice Industry.

Venice owes the accumulation of great wealth from a new industry to one of her natives named Joquin. It was in the year 1636 that he observed that the scales of a fish called the bleakfish possessed the property of giving a milky hue to water. After experimenting with it he discovered that when beads were dipped into it and then dried they assumed the appearance of pearls. This covering, however, was easily worn away, and successive experiments led to the manufacture of hollow glass beads, all blown separately, then polished in revolving cylinders and finally coated inside with the pearly liquid, the latter being protected with wax. This branch of industry is carried on in Venice to this day.—Philadelphia Press.

Neatly Turned.

A Frenchman's gallantry to ladies is always equal to an emergency. At a party a gentleman of that race stepped heavily upon the toe of a lady, who looked up with an angry frown.

"Pardon, madame," he said, bowing low, "but I have forgot to bring my microscope."

"Your miscroscope?"

"But, yes; for to see ze leetle feet of madame."—London Tit-Bits.

CALIFORNIA IN 3½ DAYS FROM CHICAGO.

Variable Route

Tourist tickets allowing privileges never before accorded, can be obtained with full information, upon application at City Ticket Office,

208 CLARK ST. CHICAGO.

All meals served in Dining Cars.

Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleepers are run through to San Francisco without change, leaving Chicago daily via the

North-Western Line.

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State Delegate, Lawrence Henely, Twenty-seventh-st and Lake shore, Chicago.
State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport av & Union st.

Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Forquer st; Michael Punch, V-P; E P O'Reilly, R S, 577 Henry st; T Cullinane, F S; John Beegan, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Monday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4305 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O'Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Engeman's hall, south Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; H J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Michael S Flanegan, Pres; L Henely, V-P; P B Flanegan, R S, 3623 Fifth av; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3809 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Mich'l Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres, Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Thos J Fitzpatrick, Pres, 2717 Wentworth av; Thos Kelley, V P; James Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6235 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

President, J H Carmody, 223 Laflin st; V-P, D J Solon. Rec sec, J B Wilmot, 416 E Superior st; Fin Sec, L A Yore; Treas, P J Kennedy; Knight Commander, M J O'Brien; V-Kt Comdr, John Tobin; Sergt-at-Arms, John Cody. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL S. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres, 434 W. Ohio-st; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 659 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. . O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo O Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 528 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hizman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Class st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 35th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1066 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schueter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 359 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9228 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Andrew Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 22nd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 23 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 185 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 979 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 2d Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood. 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindsauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A G Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 S Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Class st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 7:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3725 Armour av; F S, Martin J Hurk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fourtier, 3060 Joseph st; R S, T Pierre, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 3991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3940 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schoemmer jr, 102 Cornelia; R S, John Schoemmer 299 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heimuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednes

M. V. GANNON. BERNARD DOLAN.

Gannon & Dolan,

LAWYERS,

163 Randolph Street,

Room 42 Metropolitan Block, Chicago.

SHOURDS & KASPER,

STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.

Dealers in Diamonds,

AMERICAN WATCHES

AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.

Established 1860. Open Evenings

J. J. O'DONOHUE,

Dealer in

Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Headquarters for Imported Dilisk.

113 ERIE-ST., Cor. Market. CHICAGO.

J. M. CRENNAN & CO.,

Wholesale Cigars.

Sole Proprietors of

LA CARINA,

Sheridan Club and Columbus Club Cigars.

OFFICE, 2931 VERNON AVE.

CHICAGO.

JAMES MAHER,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.

79 Clark Street,

ROOM 14. CHICAGO.

TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	30c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

WHY PAY MORE?

SEXTON THE TEA MAN

20-22 STATE STREET.

Branches { 60 CHICAGO AV. / 280 BLUE ISLAND AV.

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 10 days. Never returns. No purge. No salve. No suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address J. E. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N. Y.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the co-partnership heretofore existing between Adolph Schwerin, Leopold Pincoffs and John Silha (said firm being engaged in the business of manufacturing clothing) is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Leopold Pincoffs succeeding to said business, and to whom all accounts due said firm should be paid, and who assumes all indebtedness. John Silha and Adolph Schwerin withdrawing from said firm.

(Signed) ADOLPH SCHWERIN,
LEOPOLD PINCOFFS,
JOHN SILHA.

Chicago, December 23 A. D. 1893.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. January Term A. D. 1894. Rosa Elliott vs. Harrison Elliott, sometimes called Alexander H. Elliott. In Chancery. No. 124,628.

Notice is hereby given to the said Harrison Elliott, sometimes called Alexander H. Elliott, that the above named complainant heretofore filed her Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Compl'ts Sol'r.

JOHN McKEOUGH, ATTORNEY, 25 & 27, 81 S. CLARK-ST.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE—ESTATE OF GEORGE L. Ritzhaupt, debtor. The undersigned hereby gives notice, that George L. Ritzhaupt, of Chicago, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, did, on the 15th day of November, A.D. 1893, transfer to the undersigned, as assignee, all his property, real and personal, for the benefit of his creditors, according to the provisions of the act concerning assignments.

All persons having claims against the said George L. Ritzhaupt are hereby notified to present such claims, under oath or affirmation, to me, at Rooms 25 and 27, 81 S. Clark-st., in said County, within three months from this date.

Dated Nov. 18, 1893.

AUGUST METTE, Assignee.
John McKeough, Attorney.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF JOHN REYNOLDS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John Reynolds, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A.D. 1894, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 13, 1893.

PATRICK J. McCARTHY,
Administrator of said estate.
David Sullivan, Attorney for said estate.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO.

ESTATE OF JOACHIM KRAATZ, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Joachim Kraatz, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1894, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 28, 1893.

WILHELMINA KRAATZ,
Administratrix.

ESTATE OF MARGARET HANLEY, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Hanley, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A.D. 1894, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 16, 1893.

WILLIAM HANLEY, Administrator.
Thomas McEnerny, Attorney,

READ "THE CITIZEN"

Published and Edited by

JOHN F. FINERTY.

A Weekly Journal devoted to American, Irish and General News and Comment, and to History, Literature and Politics, Native and Foreign.

Best Weekly Advertising Medium in the Northwest.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Club rates, individually, $2 per year. Single subscriptions, $2.50 per year, Payable in Advance.

OFFICES, 69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

All Records Broken:

5d. 12h. 7m.

BY

"Campania"

"Lucania"

The New Twin Screw Steamships.

620 ft Long, 12,950 Tons, 30,000 Horse-Power.

Positively the Largest and Most Magnificent Steamers in the World.

UMBRIA, ETRURIA, AURANIA, SERVIA,

and others, averaging over 510 feet long, 7,000 tons, and 14,000 horse-power; the whole comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast-Express Passenger Steamers.

Two and three sailings weekly (including Boston Steamers), forming a service unequalled by any line now in existence.

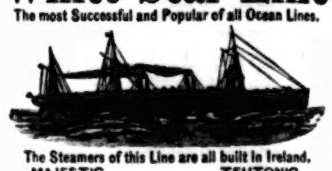
Tickets to and from all the principal English, Irish and Scotch ports, at rates as low as by any first-class passenger line.

The character, record, and general reputation of this Line for Safety, Comfort, and Speed—having never lost a passenger during the 53 years of its existence, needs no comment.

Fastest time: 5 days, 12 hours, 7 minutes.

F. G. WHITING,
Manager West. Dep't.
131 Randolph-St., Chicago.

WHEN GOING TO EUROPE,
Or Sending for Your Friends,
BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE
MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS
OF THE FAMOUS
White Star Line
The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.



The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC,	TEUTONIC,
582 Feet. 10,000 Tons.	10,000 Tons. 582 Feet.
5 Days, 18 hours, 8 min.	5 days, 16 hours, 21min.
BRITANNIC,	GERMANIC,
7 days, 6 hours, 36 min.	7 days, 7 hours, 37 min.

ADRIATIC.

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND
AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian and Finnish ports.

Passengers are also booked to principal points in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, N. Y.
N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,
64 SOUTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO.
UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

AGENTS Wanted. Liberal Salary Paid. At home or to travel. Tools furnished free. P. G. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

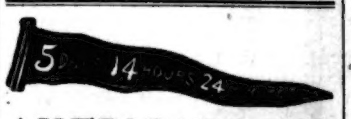
M'AVOY BREWING COMPANY,

2349 South Park Av.

Pure Lager Beer.
Fine Bottled Export.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice Pres
H. T. BELLAMY, Sec. and Treas.

TELEPHONE SOUTH 257



AMERICAN LINE

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.

THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

New York — Southampton — London
EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The shortest and most convenient route to London. *No transfer by tender — No tidal delays.*

Passengers land at Empress Dock, avoiding inconvenience and exposure of transfer by tender.

Philadelphia — Queenstown — Liverpool
EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.

Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.

Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,
32 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.
FRANCIS C. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass. Ag't.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ Brewing Company,

MILWAUKEE.

Represented by

Edward G. Uihlein,

Corner Erie and Union Sts., Chicago.

Business Directory.

JOHN BEEGAN,
Hatter and Parade Furnisher.
Supplies all kinds of Uniform Furnishing Goods, Silk Badges for Balls, Picnics and Parades, Regalias, Sashes, Gold, Silver and Metal Badges, Banners, Flags, Supplies.
228 S. Halsted-st., Chicago. Telephone 4092.

Furniture.

SMYTH, JOHN M.
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
150 to 166 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers n
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove engths, $6. per cord delivered.
Office and Yard
303 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

Have You Seen The New "Donahoe's Magazine?"

FEATURES THIS MONTH:

What's To Be Done?
By James E. Wright.

Germany and the Catholic Party,
By Rev. William Stang, D. D.

The Confession of a Parodist,
By A. Barry.

Economic Wrongs as a Woman Sees Them,
By Leonora M. Lake.

The Amateur Stage in New York,
By Thomas Gaffney Taaffe.

What Powers Should Cities Have?
By C. W. Ernst.

Are Catholics Tolerant?
By T. Brosnahan, S. J.

White Violets and Orange Blossoms,
(A Story) By Walter Littlefield.

"THE NEW DONAHOE'S is the Broadest and Brainiest Religious Periodical in America," says the New York *Recorder*. Ask your Newsdealer about it. Subscription $2.00 a year. Home office, 611 Washington-st., Boston, Mass.

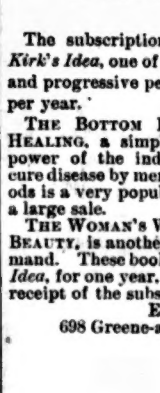
ELEANOR KIRK'S IDEA

The subscription price to *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*, one of our most wide-awake and progressive periodicals, is 50 cents per year.

THE BOTTOM PLANK OF MENTAL HEALING, a simple exposition of the power of the individual to resist and cure disease by mental or spiritual methods is a very popular work and having a large sale.

THE WOMAN'S WAY TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY, is another work in great demand. These books and *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*, for one year, will be forwarded on receipt of the subscription price, 50 cts.

ELEANOR KIRK,
698 Greene-av., Brooklyn, N.Y.



CALL AND PAY A DEposit and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.

We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.

Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

GRAHAM & SONS,

Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents.

134 WEST MADISON STREET.

OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS.

AGENTS $50 to $100—A WEEK, Ladies or Gents. Best seller known. Needed every house, place of business or farm the year round. "Home" Electric Motor runs all kinds of light machinery. Cheapest power on earth. Connected instantly to sewing machine corn sheller, pump, fans, lathes, brewery or dentists' machinery, &c. Clean, noiseless, lasts a life-time. No experience needed. To show in operation means a sale. Guaranteed. Profits immense. Circulars free. W. P. HARRISON & CO., 1-7, Columbus, O.

GLASS! GLASS!

Kinsella Glass Company

207 S. CANAL-ST., CHICAGO.

Manufacturers of all descriptions of Ornamental Glass, including Bevelled Mirror Plates and Ornamental Stained Glass. Memorial Windows for churches a Specialty. Designs and prices furnished on application.

No. 1893 Men's Size. The World's Fair Watch. Solid Gold Decorated Watch. 14k. Gold Filled Case. Price $25.00.

No. 1893 is a genuine Waltham watch in one of the handsomest cases ever made. The works are nickel and contain compensation balance, safety pinion, stem wind and set and all the greatest improvements. The case is one of the thinnest filled gold watch cases ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, railroadmen and all others who wish a really first-class article. The full-size figure of Columbus on the back is made of raised solid gold. In his hand he holds a flag. On the front is a raised gold representation of the western hemisphere which is accurate in every detail. Around this "world" is a solid gold wreath. We shall withdraw this offer very soon because there are very few of these watches left. The supply will probably be exhausted by Dec. 1. Returnable in three days if not as guaranteed. Price, including safe delivery, only $25, in hunting case, and $23 in open face. Address

"THE CITIZEN," 69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

P. H. Heffron.

RICHELIEU WINE CO.
(INCORPORATED)

WHITE CITIZEN
IN BOND OR TAX PAID

IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS

24 VAN BUREN ST. *Chicago, Ill.*

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent Hotel, freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fireproof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc, is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc, of the city. Attached to the Hotel is a first-class Restaurant.

COOKE Brewing Co.,

Foot of 27th St.,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer

Telephone 8298.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4383.

PABST BREWING COMPANY'S

BOTTLED BEER.

Put up in Quart and Pint Bottles for Family Use.

CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE,

CORNER INDIANA and DESPLAINES STREETS

HERMAN PABST, Manager.

Sold Everywhere. Try It.

WANTED AN ENERGETIC CATHolic man of business disposition and steady habits. Must travel short distances in section in which he resides. Apply, with references, to BENZIGER BROTHERS, 36 & 38 Barclay St., New York.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.

John Naghten & Co,

AGENTS

VIRGINIA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF RICHMOND, VA.

181 LaSalle-st, Chicago

Telephone 533.

KEELEY Brewing Co.

MALTSTERS

AND

Lager Beer Brewers,

TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.

CHICAGO ILL.

CONRAD SEIPP Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Telephone 8350.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER PILSENER BEER.